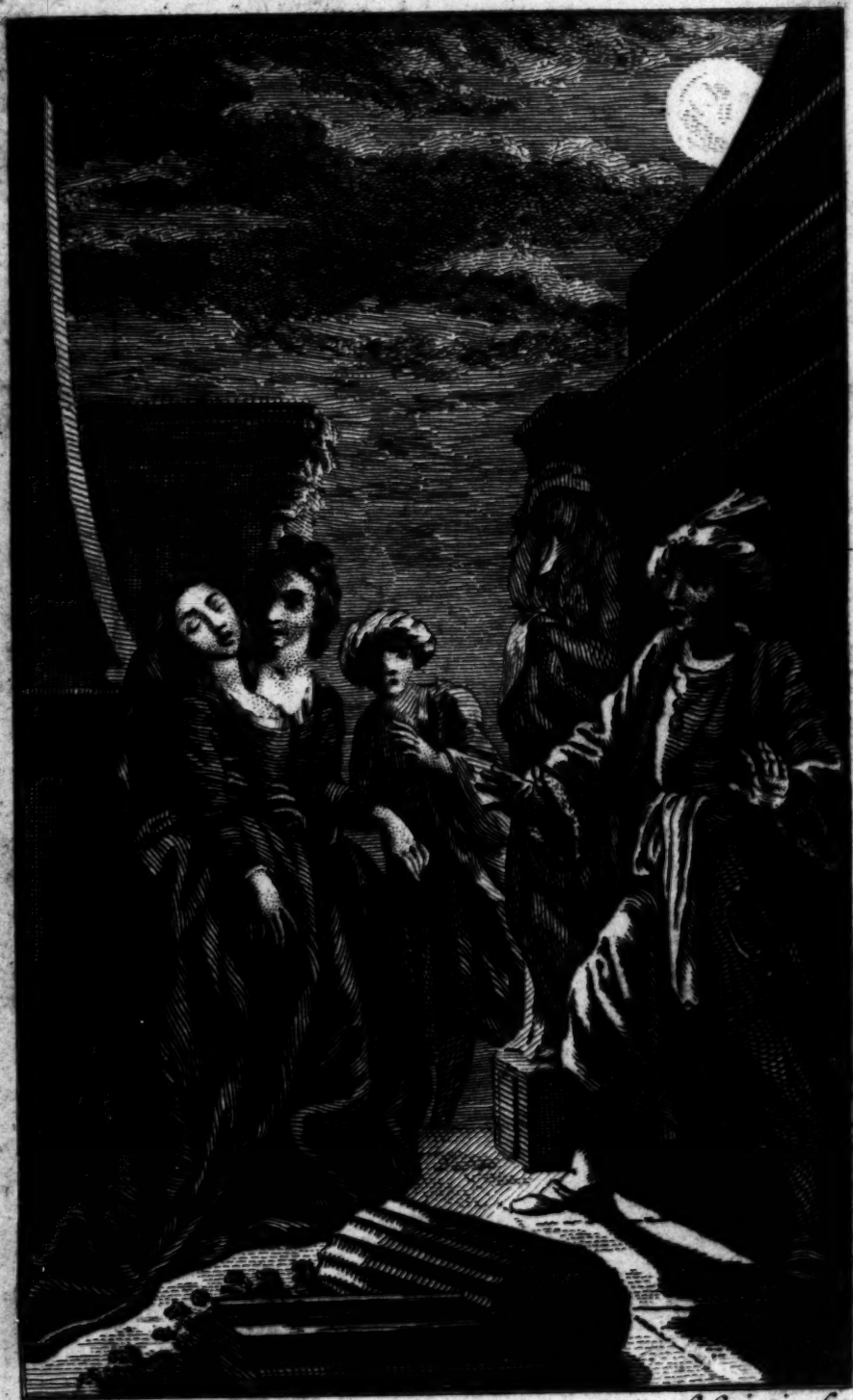


THE
WORKS
OF
MR. CONGREVE.



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OF
MR. CONGREVE





F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

The Mourning Bride

THE
WORKS
OF
MR. CONGREVE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING
THE MOURNING BRIDE.
THE WAY OF THE WORLD.
THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
SEMELE, AND
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A NEW EDITION.

ORNAMENTED WITH COPPER-PLATES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDES; J. NICHOLLS; W.
NICOLL; S. BLADON; and J. BARKER.

MDCCCLXXXVIII.



THE

WORKS

OF

MR. J. O. M. G. E. V. E.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST.

BY

J. O. M. G. E. V. E.

A NEW EDITION.

REVISED WITH

ADDENDUMS.

BY

J. O. M. G. E. V. E.

AND

J. O. M. G. E. V. E.

AND

J. O. M. G. E. V. E.



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

—*Neque enim lex aequior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sud.*

Ovid. de Arte Am.

THE
MOURNING BRIDE

A
TRAGEDY

—The same as the original
in some editions with some
O. of the author.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The P R I N C E S S.

M A D A M,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have raised You above the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The public Gratitude is ever founded on a public Benefit; and what is universally blessed, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Yourself we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People; for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes itself from the vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be deprived of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct, not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples, which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feigned Representation of great and good Persons, and their Actions, how must we be charmed with beholding the Persons themselves! If one or two excellling Qualities, barely touched in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be filled for the continued and increasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue! Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and, though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they perforce approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offered to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those

many

many Excellencies which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so disposed (in spite of the licentious Practice of the modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompense the Endeavours, of

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

P.R.O.

P R O L O G U E.

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,

And a less Number now would well content ye,

New Plays did then like Almanacks appear,

And One was thought sufficient for a Year :

Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late ;

For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.

Nor were they without Reason join'd together ;

For just as one prognosticates the Weather,

How plentiful the Crops, or scarce the Grain,

What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain ;

So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,

What Crowds of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.

In such-like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,

Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd :

The Dearth of Wit, they did so long presage,

Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.

Were you not grieved, as often as you saw

Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheafs of Straw ?

Toiling and lab'ring, at their Lungs' Expence,

To start a Jest, or force a little Sense.

Hard Fate for us ! still harder in th' Event ;

Our Authors sin, but we alone repent,

Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse,

'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse :

But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,

There's no recovering Damages or Cost.

Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,

Since Custom gives the Losers leave to speak.

But if, provoked, your dreadful Wrath remains,

Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes :

For

*For that damn'd Poet's spared who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.*

Thus far alone does to the Wits relate ;

But from the rest we hope a better Fate.

To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,

Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim ;

And Nature mis'd, in vain he boasts his Art,

For only Nature can affect the Heart.

Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,

But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.

He would not lose thro' Prejudice his Cause ;

Nor would obtain precariously Applause.

Impartial Censure he requests from all,

Prepared by just Decrees to stand or fall.

DRAMATIS



Dramatis Personæ, 1787.

At Drury Lane. At Covent Garden.

M E N.

Manuel, the King of Granada	—	Mr. AICKIN.	Mr. HULL.
Gonsalez, his favourite	—	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. GARDNER.
Garcia, son to Gonsalez	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.	Mr. DAVIES.
Perez, Captain of the guards	—	Mr. WILSON.	Mr. THOMPSON.
Alonzo, an officer, creature to Gonsalez	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.	Mr. FEARON.
Ofmyn, a noble prisoner	—	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. HOLMAN.
Heli, a prisoner, his friend	—	Mr. R. PALMER.	Mr. CUBITT.
Selim, an Eunuch	—	Mr. FAWCETT.	Mr. MACREADY.

W O M E N.

Almeria, the princess of Granada	—	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. POPE.
Zara, a captive queen	—	Mrs. SIDDONS.	Miss BRUNTON.
Leonora, chief attendant on the princess	—	Miss TIDSWELL.	Miss PLATT.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, Guards, &c.

S C E N E, G R A N A D A.



THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE a Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers Almeria in Mourning, Leonora waiting in Mourning.

After the Music, Almeria rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

Almeria.

MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace! there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune:
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept;

VOL. II.

* A

Where,

2 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and inquired his health ;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance ;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his suff'rings !
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him ;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success ; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent ;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Alphonso ! O Alphonso !
Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—
Both, both—father and son are now no more.
Then why am I ? O when shall I have rest ?
Why do I live to say you are no more ?
Why are all these things thus ?—Is it of force ?
Is there necessity I must be miserable ?
Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n
That I should be afflicted thus ?—If not,
Why is it thus contrived ? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence,
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair ?

Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court ?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly ?

Why



THE MOURNING BRIDE.

3

Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
O Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall raise thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb;
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost!

Leon. Husband! O heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?

My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.

Leon. Indeed

I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows—if thou didst—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wouldst, thou art compas-
sionate.

Leon. Witness these tears—

Alm. I thank thee, Leonora—

Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress:
For, 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied—
But I did promise I would tell thee—What?
My miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, his tenderness of love.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—

And I have heard imperfectly his loss;

4 THE MOURNING BRIDE

But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
Ev'n on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge——Would that I had fall'n
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought
We put to sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of Africk: There our vessel struck the shore,
And bulging 'gainst a rock was dash'd in pieces,
But Heav'n spared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensued,
I might be his, beyond the pow'r of fate:
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded, and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful—

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watry eyes;

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 5

Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my Alphonso.

[Loud shouts.

Leon. Look down, good Heav'n, with pity on her sorrows,

And grant that Time may bring her some relief.

Alm. O no ! Time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come, heavy-laden with th' oppressing weight,
To me ; with me, successively, they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight :
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head ;
Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

Leon. Hark !

The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph :

[Shouts at a distance.

O cease for Heav'n's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief ; for much I fear
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine :
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be ; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths.—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make ; [Kneels.
One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me ;
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heav'n, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow :
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord ; may then just Heav'n show'r down

A 3

Unheard-

6 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
 (If such there be in angry Heav'n's vengeance)
 Than any I have yet endured.—And now [Rising.]
 My heart has some relief: having so well
 Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
 Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
 Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy,
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
 Steal forth to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
 Nor violence.—I feel myself more light,
 And more at large, since I have made this vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
 Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The lord Gonfalez comes to tell your highness
 The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in. [Exit Alon.]

That's his pretence: his errand is, I know,
 To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
 And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
 But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
 Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter Gonfalez.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
 The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
 Have all conspired to blaze promiscuous light,
 And bless this day with most unequal lustre.
 Your royal father, my victorious lord,
 Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
 Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace.
 Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
 Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
 Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
 Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
 White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills;

That

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 7

That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow :
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot-wheels, and lick and grind,
With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.
The swarming populace spread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold, thro' clefted stones, stretching and staring
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feed its faculty of admiration,
While you alone retire, and shun this sight ;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase ; the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to Heav'n with thanks.

Gonf. Excellent princefs !
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king. [Flourish.

Alm. My women. I would meet him.

[Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.
Symphony of warlike Music. Enter the King, attended
by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in
Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in order round
the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels ; af-
terwards Gonfalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand,
while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonfalez, rise—
What, tears ! my good old friend—

Gonf. But tears of joy.

8 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Believe me, Sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lovest me, and I am pleas'd
thou dost.

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success !
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds ?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance
From wreek and death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your debt :
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had atoned, and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more !
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet—upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo ! was interr'd—By Heav'n !
It looks as thou didst mourn for him ! just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the cursed Alphonso perish'd.
Ha ! What ? thou dost not weep to think of that ?

Gonf. Have patience, Royal Sir ; the Princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliv'rance, is she to blame ?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth ; such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his :
My daughter should have revell'd at his death ;
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep !

Then,

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 9

Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heav'n!
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony!

Gonf. What she has done was in excess of goodness;
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture,
I wo't not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you,
It shall be your excuse that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand: and Garcia,
yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy
services,

And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.

This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,

Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials—

Alm. Oh!

[*Faints.*]

Gar. She faints!—help to support her.

Gonf. She recovers.

King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, Sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the door, and returns.*]

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.

I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,

10 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter Alonzo and Attendants.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. Osmyn, who led the moorish horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

*Enter Zara and Osmyn bound, conducted by Perez and
a Guard, and attended by Selim and several Mutes
and Eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome and what honours, beauteous
Zara,

A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence graced,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceived; and seen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,

Of

Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right, to arbitrary sway ;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait. But when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself ;
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds ! 'Twas my command you should
How durst you, Perez, disobey ? [be free ;

Perez. Great Sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph ;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false ! 'twas more ! I bid she should be free :
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes !
Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With speed ;—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here.—Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zara. Such favours, so conferr'd, tho' when un-
fought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be obliged——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command !
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.
And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes ;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty ?

Gar. That, Sir, is he, of whom I spoke ; that's Osmyn.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war ?

Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

12 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved ; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caused this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him ; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To Conf.*

Conf. That friend may be herself : seem not to heed
His arrogant reply : she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have inquiry made ; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name ?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care :
It shall be mine to pay devotion here ;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine, no more ;
Nor will I Victory in camps adore :
For, lingering there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands ;
Unused to wait I broke through her delay,
Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.
Now late I find that war is but her sport ;
In Love the goddess keeps her awful court :
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE, the Aisle of a Temple.

Garcia, Heli, and Perez.

Garcia.

THIS way, we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk ;
Choosing this lonely mansion of the dead,
To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with thunder to the center strike me,
If to arise in very deed from death,
And to revisit with my long-closed eyes
This living light, could to my soul, or sense,
Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
In least proportion to the vast delight

I feel,

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 13

I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name ; to hear
That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.

Per. Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.

Heli. Where, where ?

Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him——

Per. I saw him, when I spoke, thwarting my view,
And striding with distemper'd haste ; his eyes
Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance ;
Then forward shot their fires, which he pursued,
As to some object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.

Heli. My lord, let me intreat you to forbear :
Leave me alone to find and cure the cause.
I know his melancholy, and such starts
Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
To act some violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his soul gives all her passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly solitude.
I know his noble heart would burst with shame,
To be surpris'd by strangers in his frailty.

Per. Go, generous *Heli*, and relieve your friend.
Far be it from me, officiously to pry,
Or press upon the privacies of others. [*Exit Heli.*

Gar. Perez, the King expects from our return
To have his jealousy confirm'd or clear'd,
Of that appearing love which Zara bears
To Osmyn ; but some other opportunity
Must make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And every look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, unhappiness attends their love,
And I could pity 'em. I hear some coming.
The friends, perhaps, are met ; let us avoid 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling

14 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted isle.
We'll listen——

Leon. Hark !

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful !

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight : the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return : the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on ; shew me Anselmo's tomb ;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth
Of human bodies, for I'll mix with them ;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed : that thought
Exerts my spirit ; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown ; Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.

Leon. I go, but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE opening discovers a Place of Tombs : one
Monument fronting the View greater than any of the rest.*

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander thro' this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—hark ! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—there it sounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose tomb

The



Act II.

MOURNING BRIDE.

Scene 2.



*M^r. GARRICK in the Character of OSMYN.
Whence is that Voice, whose Shrieks, from the Grave,
And growing to his Fathers Shroud, roots up
Alphonso.*

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 15

The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: my father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs and milky ways
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo!
Help me, Alphonso! take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso!
O Alphonso!

Osmyn ascending from the Tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the grave,

And growing to his father's shroud roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osm.

16 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Osm. Amazement and illusion !
 Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs,
[Coming forward.]
 That motionless I may be still deceived.
 Let me not stir or breathe, lest I dissolve
 That tender, lovely form of painted air,
 So like Almeria. Ha ! it sinks, it falls ;
 I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
 'Tis life ! 'tis warm ! 'tis she ! 'tis she herself !
 Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive !
 It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife !

Enter Heli.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes !
 He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
 Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
 These bodies.

Heli. Ha ! 'tis he ! and with Almeria !
 O miracle of happiness ! O joy
 Unhoped for ! Does Almeria live ?

Osm. Where is she ?
 Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
 'Tis she ; shew me her face, and let me feel
 Her lips with mine—'Tis she, I'm not deceived ;
 I taste her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
 Look up, Almeria, blest me with thy eyes ;
 Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia : why d'ye
 force me ?
 Is this a father ?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
 Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia :
 Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
 Wilt thou not know me ?—Hast thou then forgot me ?
 Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso ?
 Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
 That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me ?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso ! 'tis his face,
 His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
 O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
 Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
 To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.

Oh !

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 17

Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of Fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance
Or means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have no leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay awhile——

Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from
thee.

Alm. Yes.

[thou gaze so?

Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy face, I think——

It is too much! too much to bear, and live!

To see him thus again is such profusion

Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must

Be mad——I cannot be transported thus!

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? All-pow'rful Heav'n, what are we?

O my strain'd heart—let me again behold thee,

For I weep to see thee—art thou not paler?

Much, much! how thou art changed!

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no, thy griefs, I know, have done this to
thee.

Thou hast wept much, Alphonso, and, I fear,

Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.

No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;

Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,

My arms which ach to fold thee fast, and grow

To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart!

Alm.

18 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me ; but I had sworn
To Heav'n and thee, and sooner would have died—

Ofm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love !

Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak, how I have mourn'd and pray'd :
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a saint :
And thou hast heard my prayer ; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heav'n
Could only, by restoring thee, have cured. [of days,

Ofm. Grant me but life, good Heav'n ! but length
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd :
Then, then 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have lived beyond all æras then
Of yet unmeasured time ; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompense of love and matchless truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than recompense to see thy face ;
If Heav'n is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say ?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprise, such mystery, such ecstasy !
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise !

Ofm. I did ; and thou, my love, didst call me ; thou.

Alm. True ; but how camest thou there ? wert thou
alone ?

Ofm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso ;
I thought I saw thee too ; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee—

Alm.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 19

Alm. But still, how camest thou hither ? how thus ?
—Ha !

What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen ?

Osm. Where ? Ha ! what do I see ? Antonio !
I'm fortunate indeed—my friend too, safe !

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More miracles ! Antonio too escaped !

Osm. And twice escaped, both from the rage of seas
And war ; for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell-unhurt, a pris'ner as yourself,
And as yourself made free : hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.

Osm. There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up :
When, with astonishment, I saw Almeria,

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,
That persevering still, with open hand
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy !
Where will this end ! But Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two, in shining habits, cross the aisle ;
Who, by their pointing, seem'd to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, Sir, I saw and know 'em :
You must be quick, for Love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love ? who is she ? why are you alarm'd ?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee ; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace ;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more : my friend will tell thee all ;

How

20 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

How I escaped, how I am here, and thus ;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn,
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again——

Osm. We shall ; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

[*Exeunt Alm. Leon. and Heli.*

Osmyn alone.

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
O impotence of sight !—mechanic sense,
Which to exterior objects owest thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images ;
Not what they would, but must ; a star or toad ;
Just as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermined view
Revolves, and to the present adds the past :
Essaying farther to futurity ;
But that in vain. I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often—

Enter Zara and Selim.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiffning in thought, a statue among statues !
Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus ?
Is it well done ? is this then the return
For fame, for honour, and for empire lost ?
But what is loss of honour, fame and empire ?
Is this the recompense reserved for love ?
Why dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
To find this place of horror and obscurity ?
Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My love ? But to the grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not : barb'rous man,
Am I neglected thus ? am I despised ?
Not heard ! ungrateful Osmyn !

Osm.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 21

Osm. Ha ! 'tis Zara !

Zara. Yes, traitor ! Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant, now, to Osmyn.

The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Ear be the guilt of such reproaches from me ;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not till now.

Zara. Now then you see me——
But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to
mourn,

And only for his sorrows chose this solitude ?
Look round, joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursued Misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman ! Why, why dost thou rack me thus,
And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer ?
What is't to me, this house of misery ?
What joy do I require ? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee ; to share thy griefs,
And give thee for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. O that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one ;
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endured :
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee :
Compassion ! scarce will't own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love ; for thou wert godlike
E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dried those wat'ry cheeks, then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O Heav'n ! how did my heart rejoice and ach,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

22 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Osm. O call not to my mind what you have done,
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zara. The faithful Selim, and my women know
The danger which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abused the cred'lous King ;
What arts I used to make you pass on him,
When he received you as the Prince of Fez ;
And, as my kinsman, honour'd and advanced you.
O, why do I relate what I have done ?
What did I not ? was't not for you this war
Commenced ? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion, where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.

Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery ;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me ;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself :
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandon'd—say, what then is Osmyn ?

Osm. A fatal wretch—a huge stupendous ruin,
That, tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the
vilest,

If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin ;
Ruin ! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen ; for what are riches, empire, pow'r,
But larger means to gratify the will ?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish ; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones ; they have served
their end,

And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind ?

Zara. We may be free, the conqueror is mine !
In chains, unseen, I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 23

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art :

But what this last ingratitude declares,
This groveling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name :
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have loved thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave !
A slave, not daring to be free ! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous :
'Tis that, I know, for thou dost look with eyes
Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darting fires ; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou darest not wish. The King !
There, there's the dreadful sound, the King's thy
rival !

Sel. Madam, the King is here, and ent'ring now.

Zara. As I could wish ; by Heav'n I'll be revenged.

Enter the King, Perez, and Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night ? Ha ! what disorder's this ?
Somewhat I heard of King and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the King,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore ?

Zara. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my
slave.

King. How ! better than my hopes ! does she accuse
him ? *[Aside.]*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity ;
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves ?
And shall the wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,

Presume

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt, red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embraced; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*]

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more:
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large: thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he construed love.

King. Enough, his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young Delights attend; and Joys,
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread, like roses, to the morning sun:
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without Love is load; and Time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE a Prison.

Osmyn alone, with a Paper:

BUT now, and I was closed within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 25

In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper ; what it is this light will shew.
If my Alphonso——Ha ! [Reading.

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n !
Give me more weight, crush my declining years
With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want ;
But bless my son ! visit not him for me !*

(It is his hand ! this was his pray'r !—yet more :)
Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [Reading.

*Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my son !
Not for myself, but him, bear me, all-gracious —
'Tis wanting what should follow !—Heav'n should fol-*
low,

But 'tis torn off !—Why should that word alone
Be torn from this petition ? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf ; Heav'n heard him not : but
thus,

Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him !
If piety be thus debarr'd access

On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward ? or what is punishment ?
But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice ?

Yet I may think—I may, I must : for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower betwixt shade and shining.

What noise ! Who's there ? My friend ! how cam'st
thou hither ?

Enter Heli.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.
The captain, influenced by Almeria's pow'r,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Osm. How does Almeria ? But I know she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her ?

26 THE MOURNING BRIDE

Heli. You may : anon, at midnight when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retired,
(Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right) she'll come.

Ofm. She'll come ! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear,
She'll come ; but whither, and to whom ? O Heav'n !
To a vile prison, and a captive wretch ;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes ?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tired Misfortune with pursuing ?
One, driven about the world like blasted leaves
And chaff, the sport of adverse winds ; till late,
At length imprison'd in some cleft of rock,
On earth it rests, and rots to silent dust.

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
Converts. The news has reach'd Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
With tyranny and grievous impositions,
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Ofm. By heav'n, thou'ast roused me from my le-
thargy.

The spirit, which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood ;
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refused to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd ; what not Almeria could
Revive or raise, my people's voice has waken'd !
O my Antonio, I am all on fire ;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conquering troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory ; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns ! Where is the King ?
Where is Alphonso ? Ha ! where, where indeed ?

O !

O! I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains! Off! off! ye stains of royalty!
Off, slavery! O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath!

Heli. Our posture of affairs and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose yourself,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restored: That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape: mean time, I've thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where not far off some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do: I will with patience wait my fortune.

Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness so mix'd
With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.

Heli. The care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in store
For you those blessings it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewel,
My friend: the good thou dost deserve, attend thee!

[Exit *Heli.*

Osmyn alone.

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety

88 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

The care of Heav'n. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
This lesson, in some hour of inspiration
By him set down; when his pure thoughts were borne,
Like fumes of sacred incense, o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on angels wings, thro' ways
Of light, to the bright source of all. For there
He in the book of prescience saw this day;
And waking to the world, and mortal sense,
Left this example of his resignation,
This his last legacy to me; which, here,
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter Zara veil'd.

Ofm. What brightness breaks upon me thus through
shades,

And promises a day to this dark dwelling?

Is it my love?—

Zara. O that thy heart had taught [*lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!

Ofm. *Zara!* I am betray'd by my surprise!

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
That having seen it thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror!
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. — Is it my love? Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.

O no, thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons:
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falleness;
Could one who loved, thus torture whom she loved?
No, no; it must be hatred, dire revenge,
And detestation, that could use thee thus.
So dost thou think; then do but tell me so;
Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear

This

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 29

This heart of flint till it shall bleed ; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
As still to meditate revenge on all
Whom chance, or fate working by secret causes,
Has made per-force subservient to the end
The heav'nly powers allot me ; no, not you,
But destiny and inauspicious stars
Have cast me down to this low being ; or
Granting you had, from you I have deserved it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then ? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness ?
O give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion ; then, be still more kind,
And call that passion love !

Osm. Give it a name,
Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more with this thy
goodness,
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches ;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish——

Zara. Haste me to know it : what ?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing ?

Osm. This slave.

Zara. O Heav'n ! my fears interpret
This thy silence ; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this ? Tell me, am I so cursed ?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly ; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late ; and yet
Some news few minutes past arrived, which seem'd
To shake the temper of the King.—Who knows
What racking cares disease a monarch's bed ?

30 THE MOURNING BRIDE

Or Love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays thro' dusk and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu! *[Exit.]*

Osmyn alone.

This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem. To this she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal charms; or with less vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings.
But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes,
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my hoding heart.

Enter Almeria.

Osm. My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms with held by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 31

To part no more——Now we will part no more ;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard means to ratify that word !—O cruelty !
That ever I should think beholding thee
A torture !—yet, such 's the bleeding anguish
Of my heart, to see thy sufferings—O Heav'n !
That I could almost turn my eyes away,
Or wish thee from my sight.

Alm. O ! say not so ;
Though 'tis because thou lovest me. Do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite ; and mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
Drink bitter draughts, with never-slaking thirst ;
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think ? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms——
Thou canst not ! thy poor arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless chains which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs
With rankling rust.

Osm. Oh ! O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs ?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start ;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy
breast
With such a dagger as then struck my heart.

Alm. Why ? why ? To know it, cannot wound me
more,

Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,
—Thou givest me pain with too much tenderness.

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
O would thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and Grief too robs my heart,
If there be shoot not every other shaft :
Thy second self should feel each other wound,

32 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

And woe should be in equal portions dealt.

I am thy wife—

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep ;
There, there I bleed ; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves ; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am cursed

Indeed, if that be so ; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me : What, am I the bosom-snake,
That sucks thy warm life blood, and gnaws thy heart ?
O that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder ;
So should'st thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst ?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings ?
Why dost thou ask ? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly ?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and wheels were
balm

And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife ?

Osm. No, no ; nor should the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee other.
But wilt thou know what harrows up my heart :
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride !
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd, his mysterious rites
Delay'd ; nor has our hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice ;
But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swaled with sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god ?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings ?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes ;
Is this our marriage bed ? are these our joys ?

Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, e'en thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasy.
But O thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis denied to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my love, as one resolved,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is denied my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush
To follow thee, my separating soul:
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
And thou, per-force, must yield, and aid his transport.
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air to this? O my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. O, I am struck, thy words are bolts of ice,
Which shot into my breast now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling fears,
No, hold me not—O, let us not support,

94 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where level'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of incessant scalding rain.

Enter Zara, Perez, and Selim.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.

Dare you dispute the King's command? Behold
The royal signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, till the princess is return'd
From visiting the noble prisoner.

Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou?

Ofm. We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my life, with speed—Alas! we're seen!
Speak of compassion; let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say something quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible—

Alm. —I cannot speak.

Ofm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abused—Death and destruction!
How shall I search into this mystery?
The bluest blast of penitential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Ofm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay: all thanks are poor.

[*Exit Alm.*

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! Yet I will be
calm.

Choke in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver—You seem much surpris'd.

Ofm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zara.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 35

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted:
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding—

Osm. ——— Madam!

Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite:
Your pardon, sir——mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceived, I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleased;
To find you have an interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zara. I know thou could'st; but I'm not often
pleased,

And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confined,
To be the care of weeping majesty?
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forfake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hour of rest.
O curse! I cannot hold—

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom thou'dst
live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Osm. You may be still deceived; 'tis in my pow'r,
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs,
And free myself at once from misery,
And you of me.

Zara. Ha! say'st thou—But I'll prevent it.

36 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this
 slave [To the guard.

Attempt no means to make himself away.
 I've been deceived. The public safety now
 Requires he should be more confined, and none,
 No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see,
 Or speak with him: I'll quit you to the King.
 Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
 The base injustice thou hast done my love;
 Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
 And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd,
 Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
 Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

ACT IV. SCENE, a Room of State.

Enter Zara and Selim.

Zara.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy stay;
 Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
 Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
 The King, and were alone enough to urge
 The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
 Has since arrived, of more revolted troops.
 'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
 (Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
 Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
 Both in the state and army. This confirms
 The King in full belief of all you told him
 Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
 With them who first began the mutiny.
 Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd;
 And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and
 mine;

Find out the King, tell him I have of weight
 More than his crown t' impart, ere Osmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will straight be here,
 And

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 37

And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.

O! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead, I must despair for ever.

For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-lived pains.
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne!—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop th' approaching danger?

Sel. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, your
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the King to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest. [*Exit.*

Enter

38 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Enter King, Gonfalez, and Perez.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
Th' ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gonf. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some papers have been since dis-
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him, [cover'd
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who have fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispersed t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some ready of belief, have raised this rumour;
That being saved upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclosed himself to Albucaim,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urged the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valentia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Al-
phonso?

O Heav'n! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known—If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Gonf. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some imposture has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive, Zara, can inform,

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 39

If such an one, so 'scaping, was received
At any time in Albucacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect :
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business;
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zara. You're too secure : the danger is more imminent

Than your high courage suffers you to see :
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom
Is pass'd : if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,

I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself Alphonso
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king :
To what effect I knew not then : but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league
Of strictest friendship was profess'd between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

King. Public report is ratified in this.

Zara. And Osmyn's death required of strong necessity.

King. Give order straight that all the prisoners die.

Zara. Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

King. Let all, except Gonzalez, leave the room.

[*Exeunt Perez, &c.*]

Zara. I am your captive, and you've used me nobly ;

And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your enemy, I have discover'd Osmyn's
His private practice and conspiracy
Against your state : and fully to discharge
Myself of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards

40 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Are tainted : some among 'em have resolved
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our guards !

Zara. Most certain ; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done ?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the Sultana Queen,
In the Grand Signior's court. These from their in-
fancy

Are practised in the trade of death ; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn

Gonf. My lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What offering, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services ?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've saved,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter ; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge, that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send

King. Who waits there ?

Enter Perez.

King. On your life take heed,
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

Zara. They, and no other, not the Princess's self.

Per. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

[*Exit Perez.*]

Gonf. That interdiction so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence against the Princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced.

The King is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not—Your majesty sure might have spared
The last restraint ; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is confederate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard, her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gonf. Ha !

King.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 41

King. How? She visit Osmyn! What? my daughter!

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
[*Aside to Zara.*]

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf——

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zara. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.

I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selim.*]

Gonf. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this:
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, Gonfalez;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

Gonf. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.

Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem

As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.

I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd

As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards

Corrupted! how? by whom? who told her so?

I' th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight

She begg'd the royal signet to release him;

I' th' morning he must die again; ere noon

Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll

Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd,

Is manifest from every circumstance.

This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,

Are confirmation—that Alphonso lives,

Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gonf. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in rage]

Of jealousy, she has discover'd what

She now repents. It may be I'm deceived:

But why that needless caution of the Princess?

What

42 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

What if she had seen Osmyn? though 'twere strange;
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend:
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?

Gonf. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
But she might wish on his account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By heaven thou hast roused a
thought,
That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Gonf. That were too hard a thought—but see she
comes——

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divined aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend:
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[Leonora retires.]

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swell'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? Why this, on the day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
With reeking gore from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next: and each that follows,

Will

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 43

Will undistinguished roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the
cause,

And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.

Why art thou mute? base and degen'rate maid!

Gonf. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I
speak?

What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind:
They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert confed'rate
With damp'd conspirators to take my life.

O impious parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,

And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon

Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;

Open thy bowels of compassion, take

Into thy womb the last and most forlorn

Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent!

—I have no parent else—be thou a mother,

And step between me and the curse of him,

Who was—who was—but is no more a father,

But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,

And for the tender names of child and daughter,

Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and, if thou wouldst

Acquit thyself of those detested names,

Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,

Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,

And free of all bad purposes: so Heav'n's

My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!

With innocence! O patience! hear—she owns it!

Confesses it! By heaven, I'll have him rack'd,

Torn, mangled, flay'd, impaled—all pains and tortures

That wit of man and dire revenge can think,

Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm.

44 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Alm. O, I am lost—there fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply: know, traitress,

I'm not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives:

Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.

Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die:

And yet alone would I have died, Heav'n knows,

Repeated deaths, rather than have revealed thee,

Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each

Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,

And cleaves my heart, I would have borne it all,

Nay, all the pains that are prepared for thee:

To the remorseless rack I would have given

This weak and tender flesh to have been bruised

And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.

King. Hell! Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!

What darest thou to my face avow thy guilt?

Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;

Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.

Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;

Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.

Did ever father curse his kneeling child?

Never; for always blessings crown that posture.

Nature inclines, and half-way meets that duty,

Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence;

For bended knees returning folding arms,

With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love.

O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——

King. Be thou advised, and let me go, while yet

The light impression, thou hast made, remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this hold,

Till you are moved, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;

For on my soul he dies, though thou and I,

And all should follow to partake his doom.

Away, off, let me go—Call her attendants.

[*Leonora and Women return.*]

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,

I'll not let go till you have spared my husband.

King.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 45

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband!
damnation!

What husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. Poison and daggers! who?

Alm. O——

[Faints.]

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
I'll scrape till I collect his rotten bones,
And clothe their nakedness with my own flesh;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then, though you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? whom dost thou mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. O that I did! Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso is my dear
And wedded husband——Heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness!

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
Should I hear more, I too should catch thy madness,
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word:
And look that she attempt not on her life. [Exit King.]

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heaven I were—He's gone.

Gonf. Have comfort.

Alm. Cursed be that rogue that bids me be of com-
fort!

Cursed my own tongue, that could not move his pity!
Cursed these weak hands, that could not hold him here!
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Gonf. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-timed flatterer!
Source of my woes! thou and thy race be cursed!

But

46 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso!

Gonsf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Is it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see; look yonder, where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasp'ing as it would speak; and after, see!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries *Murder!* ah!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

[*Exeunt Alm. and Leon.*

Gonsalez alone.

She's greatly grieved: nor am I less surprised.
Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My policy: I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the King—
Things come to this extremity; his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past;
And urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if—that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain: O well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the King;
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The King expects your lordship.

THE MOURNING BRIDE 47

Gonf. 'Tis no matter ;
I'm not i' th' way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return and say
I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do, my best Alonzo.
Yet stay, I would—but go ; anon will serve—
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my friend.
I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.

Gonf. Thanks ; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'rt
seen,

Among the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gonf. Couldst thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, tho' purchased by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward, as should exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your
lordship ?

Gonf. At my apartment. Use thy utmost dili-
gence ;

And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.
[Exit Alonzo.]

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed ;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE, a Room of State.

King, Perez, and Alonzo.

King.

NOT to be found ? In an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you ? none ? what, not the fav'rite
eunuch ?

Nor

48 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so disposed as I commanded?

Per. Fast-bound in double chains, and at full
length

He lies supine on earth : with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[A mute appears, and, seeing the King, retires.]

Ha ! stop, and seize that mute ; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.]

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity !

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him ;
Which done, he drew a poniard from his side,
And on the instant plunged it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire ;

'Twill quit me from my promise to Gonzalez.

[Exit Alonzo.]

Per. Whate'er it is, the King's complexion turns.

King. How's this ? my mortal foe beneath my roof !

[Having read the letter.]

O give me patience, all ye powers ! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha ! who's there ?

Perez. My lord.

King. Hence, slave ! how dar'st thou hide, to watch
and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends,
How like thyself, when passion treads him down ?
Ha ! stir not, on thy life ! for thou wert fix'd

And

And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors : thou art with the rest combined :
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferr'd,
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amazed—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara : here,
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free*—[Reading.]
That somewhere is repeated—*I have power*
O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command, I should
Obey her order.

King. [Reading.]—*And still will I set*
Thee free, Alphonso—Hell ! cursed, cursed Alphonso !
False and perfidious Zara ! Strumpet daughter !
Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity, and Compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge, and gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave !

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King. Darest thou reply ? Take that—Thy service !
thine ! [Strikes him.]

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease ? Hear my command ; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head :
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
Why dost thou start ? Resolve, or—

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

[Perez going.]

—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment :
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe ;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—

50 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his ;
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes ! I'll shun th' encounter ; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [Exeunt.

Enter Zara and Selim.

Zara. The mute not yet return'd ! Ha, 'twas the King !

The King that passed hence ! frowning he went :
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams ; as if his sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course : Dost think
He saw me ?

Sel. Yes ; but then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen ! I fear thou hast undone
Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion, [me.
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design ; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen ; imperfect Mischief !
Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller ; and, after, hear'st
Not his pursuing voice ; e'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
O fate of fools ! officious in contriving ;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n ! that you should ever suffer
For my defect ; or that the means which I
Devised to serve, should ruin your design !
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being man,
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My Nature's want, but punish Nature in me ;
I plead not for a pardon, and to live,
But to be punish'd, and forgiven. Here, strike ;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 51

Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life : somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought !
When I've concluded on myself, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die !
Regard me well, and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge ; for I'm resolved.
Give order, that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes ; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free :
Such liberty, as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word. *[Exit.]*

SCENE opening shows the Prison.

Enter Gonzalez, disguised like a Mute, with a dagger.

Gonz. Nor centinel, nor guard ! the doors unbarr'd !
And all as still, as at the noon of night !
Sure Death already has been busy here.
There lies my way ; that door too is unlock'd.

[Looking in.]
Ha ! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd to favour
Th' attempt ; I'll steal and do it unperceived.
What noise ! somebody coming ! 't, Alonzo !
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without—I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart ;
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[Goes in.]

Enter Garcia and Alonzo.

Gar. Where ? where, Alonzo ? where's my father ?
The King ? Confusion ! all is on the rout ! *[where]*
All's lost ! all ruin'd by surprise and treachery !
Where, where is he ? Why dost thou mislead me ?

Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
And could not pass me unperceived—What hoa !
My Lord, my Lord, what hoa ! my Lord Gonzalez !

52 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Enter Gonfalez bloody.

Gonf. Perdition choke your clamours!—whence this rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are ent'ring now our doors! Where is the King?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gonf. No matter: give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash and ill-timed exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
The King in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and join the foe!

Gonf. Would all were false as that! for whom you call
The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible! for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gonf. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[Garcia goes in.]

Alon. My Lord, for certain truth Perez is fled,
And has declared, the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the King had given him.

Gar. *[Returning.]* Ruin and horror! O heart wound-
ing fight!—*[Ror?]*

Gonf. What says my son? what ruin? ha! what hor-

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed!—O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
The King—

Gonf. and Alon. The King!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood!
See! see! attired like Osmyn, where he lies.

[They look in.]

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner of the cause?

Nothing

Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.

Gonf. O wretch! O cursed and rash deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging swords!
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage,
The earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
Self murder.

Gonf. O my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody;
For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow)
Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd!
The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand. [Shout.
We have no time to search into the cause
Of this surprising and most fatal error.
What's to be done? the King's death known, would
The few remaining soldiers with despair, [strike
And make 'em yield to mercy of the conqueror.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[Goes in. Shout.

Gonf. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the King in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late:
C 3 But

54 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

But I'll omit no care, nor haste; and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [Exit.

Enter Alonzo.

Gonf. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an act of horror,
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Zara, followed by Selim, and two Mutes,
bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where!
Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when enter'd here, from groans
And howls of slaves condemn'd; from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:
And ever and anon the fight was dash'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.
Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
It may be that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being changed from life to death,
Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.

Or,

Or does my heart bode more? What can it more
Than death?

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. You, return and find

[Mutes going in.]

The King; tell him, what he required I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed. *[Exit Selim.]*

Enter Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare
you thus *[The Mutes return and look affrighted.]*

With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost!

O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel Fate!

Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!

I came prepared to die, and see thee die—

Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—

But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—

O this accursed, this base, this treach'rous King

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've fought in vain; for no where can the King
Be found—

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there!

[Stabs him.]

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,

But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.

The Mute you sent, by some mischance, was seen,

And forced to yield your letter with his life:

I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd—

My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—

Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is— *[Dies.]*

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.

'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed

We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;

I have a certain remedy for that.

But oh! he died unknowing in my heart.

He

36 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

He knew I loved, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows;
Insensible of this last proof he's gone:
Yet Fate can rob his mortal part alone
Of sense: his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
And fix'd event of my persisting faith.
Then wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.

[A Mute kneels, and gives one of the bowls.]

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.

This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. [Drinks.]

O friendly draught! already in my heart.

Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.

I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,

And fright him from my arms—See! see! he slides

Still farther from me; look, he hides his face!

I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O now he's gone, and all is dark— [Dies.]

[The Mutes kneel, and mourn over her.]

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. O let me seek him in this horrid cell;

For in the tomb, or prison, I alone

Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene

Of death is this? the eunuch Selim slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death,

But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold

Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,

Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;

Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.

But O forbear—lift up your eyes no more,

But haste away, fly from this fatal place,

Where miseries are multiplied; return,

Return, and look not on, for there's a dagger

Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes

Rain blood—

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that object.

Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?

What

Act V.

MOURNING BRIDE.

Scene 2.



Standard press.

Published May 5th 1789. by T. & W. Lane.

Collier sc.

MRS SIDDONS as ZARA.

O friendly draught! already in my heart.

What dead at last, quite, quite for ever dead !
 There, there, I see him ; there he lies, the blood
 Yet bubbling from his wounds—O more than savage !
 Had they or hearts or eyes that did this deed ?
 Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands ?
 Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone ?
 —I do not weep ! the springs of tears are dried,
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well ; and yet my husband's murder'd !
 Yes, yes, I know to mourn ! I'll sluice this heart,
 The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
 —Those men have left to weep ! they look on me !
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well ; your bloody hands have err'd,
 And wrongfully have slain those innocents :
 I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed ;
 And come prepared to yield my throat !—They bow
 Their heads in sign of grief and innocence !

[They point at the bowl on the ground.]

And point ! what mean they ? Ha ! a cup ! O well
 I understand what medicine has been here.
 O noble thirst ! yet greedy, to drink all—
 Oh for another draught of death !—What mean they ?

[They point at the other cup.]

Ha ! point again ! 'tis there, and full, I hope.
 Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus ;
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——

Leon. O hold,

For mercy's sake ; upon my knee I beg——

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.
 Seest thou not there ? behold who prostrate lies,
 And pleads against thee ; who shall then prevail ?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
 From his pale lips ; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
 Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
 And stain the colour of my last adieu.

Horror ! a headless trunk ! nor lips nor face,

[Coming near the body, starts and lets fall the cup.]

But spouting veins, and mangled flesh ! Oh ! oh !

Enter

58 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Enter Alphonso, Heli, Perez, with Garcia Prisoner, Guards, and Attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off! where is she? let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving sense
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs, and re-inspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria,
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heaven! what does this dream
intend?

Alph. O mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Given me again from death! O all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My fight against my fight? and shall I trust
That sense, which, in one instant, shews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I have been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband:
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion——

Alph. O my heart's comfort! 'tis not given to this
Frail life, to be intirely bless'd. E'en now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep:
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of Heaven, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus——

[*She weeps.*]

Let 'em remove the body from her sight,
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! alas!

Thy

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 59

Thy error then is plain ; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O Garcia! ———

Whose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
Seest thou, how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-



E P I L O G U E.

*THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
 No more a Princess, but in statu quo ;
 And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
 As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
 I've leisure, now, to mark your several faces,
 And know each critic by his four grimaces.
 To poison plays, I see them where they sit,
 Scatter'd like ratsbane, up and down the Pit ;
 While others watch, like parish searchers, hired
 To tell of what disease the Play expired.
 O with what joy they run, to spread the news
 Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse !
 But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seized !
 And how they're disappointed, when they're pleased !
 Critics to Plays for the same end resort,
 That surgeons wait on trials in a court :
 For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
 Provided they've a body to dissect.
 As Suffex men, that dwell upon the shore,
 Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
 Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
 That some well-laden ship may strike the sands ;
 To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
 And fatten on the spoils of Providence :
 So Critics throng to see a new Play split,
 And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
 Small hope our Poet from these prospects draws ;
 And therefore to the Fair commends his cause.
 Your tender hearts to mercy are inclined,
 With whom, he hopes, this Play will favour find,
 Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.*





F. Hayman inv. & del.

C. Grignon sculp.

The Way of the World.

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.
A
COMEDY.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè

Qui mæchis non vultis —

HOR. Sat. 2. l. 1.

—Metuat doti deprensa, —

Idem,



WAY OF THE WORLD.

COMEDY.



RIGHT .HONOURABLE

R A L P H,

EARL of MONTAGUE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER the world will arraign me of vanity, or not, that I have presumed to dedicate this Comedy to your Lordship, I am yet in doubt; though it may be it is some degree of vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the honour of your Lordship's conversation, cannot be supposed to think very meanly of that which he would prefer to your perusal: Yet it were to incur the imputation of too much sufficiency, to pretend to such a merit as might abide the test of your Lordship's censure.

Whatever value may be wanting to this play while it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become your Lordship's; and it is my security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my dedication, than your Lordship will dignify it by your patronage.

That it succeeded on the stage, was almost beyond my expectation; for but little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience.

Those characters which are meant to be ridiculed in most of our comedies, are of fools so gross, that, in my humble opinion, they should rather disturb than divert the well-natured and reflecting part of an audience; they are rather objects of charity than con-

6 THE DEDICATION.

tempt; and instead of moving our mirth, they ought very often to excite our compassion.

This reflection moved me to design some characters, which should appear ridiculous, not so much through a natural folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the stage) as through an affected wit; at wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some difficulty in the formation of a character of this nature, so there is some hazard which attends the progress of its success upon the stage: For many come to a play, so over-charged with criticism, that they very often let fly their censure, when through their rashness they have mistaken their aim. This I had occasion lately to observe: For this play had been acted two or three days, before some of these hasty judges could find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the character of a *Witwould* and a *Truewit*.

I must beg your Lordship's pardon for this digression from the true course of this epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the occasion of it, in part of that excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this Comedy to your protection. It is only by the countenance of your Lordship, and the few so qualified, that such who write with care and pains can hope to be distinguished: For the prostituted name of poet promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct writer in the world, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his reputation: And notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, it may be, their countenance was not more than necessary.

The purity of his style, the delicacy of his turns, and the justness of his characters, were all of them beauties, which the greater part of his audience were incapable of tasting: Some of the coarsest strokes of *Plautus*, so severely censured by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the multitude; such, who come with expectation to laugh at the last act of a play, and are better

better entertained with two or three unseasonable jests, than with the artful solution of the *fable*.

As *Terence* excelled in his performances, so had he great advantages to encourage his undertakings; for he built most on the foundations of *Menander*: His plots were generally modelled, and his characters ready drawn to his hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Menander* had no less light in the formation of his characters, from the observations of *Theophrastus*, of whom he was a disciple; and *Theophrastus*, it is known, was not only the disciple, but the immediate successor of *Aristotle*, the first and greatest judge of poetry. These were great models to design by; and the further advantage which *Terence* possessed, towards giving his plays the due ornaments of purity of style, and justness of manners, was not less considerable, from the freedom of conversation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greatest and most polite men of his age. And indeed, the privilege of such a conversation, is the only certain means of attaining to the perfection of dialogue.

If it has happened in any part of this comedy, that I have gained a turn of style, or expression more correct, or at least more corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must with equal pride and gratitude ascribe it to the honour of your Lordship's admitting me into your conversation, and that of a society where every body else was so well worthy of you, in your retirement last Summer from the town; for it was immediately after that this comedy was written. If I have failed in my performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there should be one wanting, equal in capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not mistaken, poetry is almost the only art, which has not yet laid claim to your Lordship's patronage. Architecture and painting, to the great honour of our country, have flourished under your influence and protection. In the mean time, poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most, seems to have resigned her birth-right, by having neglected

3 THE DEDICATION.

to pay her duty to your Lordship; and by permitting others of a later extraction to prepossess that place in your esteem, to which none can pretend a better title. Poetry, in its nature, is sacred to the good and great; the relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the privilege of poetry to address to them, and it is their prerogative alone to give it protection.

This received maxim is a general apology for all writers who consecrate their labours to great men: But I could wish, at this time, that this address were exempted from the common pretence of all dedications; and that as I can distinguish your Lordship even among the most deserving, so this offering might become remarkable by some particular instance of respect, which should assure your Lordship, that I am, with all due sense of your extreme worthiness and humanity,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Obliged Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TO
MR. CONGREVE,

Occasioned by his

C O M E D Y,

CALLED THE

WAY OF THE WORLD.

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sigh;
No Sense of Wit when rude Spectators know;
But in distorted Gesture, Farce and Show:
How could, great Author, your aspiring mind
Dare to write only to the Few refin'd?
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's Power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell
In ev'ry Way of Writing to excel.
Your Muse Applause to Arabella brings,
In Notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled Woe,
With sweet Distress your rural Numbers flow.
Pastora's the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,
Pastora still the Echo of the Plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his Horse;

*And her own William glorious in the Strife,
 Bestowing on the prostrate Foe his Life:
 You the great Act as gen'rously rehearse,
 And all the English Fury's in your Verse.
 By your selected Scenes, and handsome Choice,
 Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
 You check unjust Esteem and fond Desire,
 And teach to scorn, what else we should admire;
 The just Impression taught by you we bear,
 The Player acts the World, the World the Play'r;
 Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,
 Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems:
 But when your Muse assumes her Tragic Part,
 She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry Heart;
 To mourn with her men cheat their private woe,
 And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know:
 The Widow, who, impatient of Delay,
 From the Town-joys must mask it to the Play,
 Joins with your Mourning Bride's resistless Moan,
 And weeps a Loss she slighted, when her own.
 You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,
 And vary our Afflictions as you please.
 Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,
 To load your Friends with Cares you only feign?
 Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your self, to leave?
 But 'tis the only Way you'll e'er deceive.
 Then still, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
 To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.*

R. STEELE.

P R O L O G U E.

*O*F those few fools who with ill stars are curst,
 Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :
 For they're a set of fools which Fortune makes,
 And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.
 With Nature's case 'tis quite a different case,
 For Fortune favours all her idiot-race :
 In her own nest the cuckow-eggs we find,
 O'er which she broods to hatch the changeling-kind.
 No portion for her own she has to spare,
 So much she dotes on her adopted care.

Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,
 Suffer'd at first some trifling stakes to win :
 But what unequal hazards do they run !
 Each time they write, they venture all they've won :
 The 'squire that's batter'd still, is sure to be undone.
 This author, heretofore, has found your favour ;
 But pleads no merit from his past behaviour.
 To build on that might prove a vain presumption,
 Should grants, to poets made, admit resumption :
 And in Parnassus he must lose his seat,
 If that be found a forfeited estate.

He owns with toil he wrote the following scenes ;
 But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains :
 Damn him the more ; have no commiseration
 For dulness on mature deliberation.
 He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off scene,
 Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,
 Who, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.
 Some plot we think he has, and some new thought :
 Some humour too, no farce ; but that's a fault.
 Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect ;
 For so reform'd a town, who dares correct ?
 To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
 He'll not instruct, lest it should give offence.
 Should he by chance a knave or fool expose,
 That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
 In short, our play shall (with your leave to shew it)
 Give you one instance of a passive poet,
 Who to your judgments yields all resignation,
 To save or damn, after your own discretion.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Fainall, *in love with Mrs. Marwood,*
 Mirabell, *in love with Mrs. Millamant,*
 Witwoud, } *Followers of Mrs. Millamant,*
 Petulant, }
 Sir Wifful Witwoud, *Half-Brother to Witwoud,*
 Waitwell, *Servant to Mirabell,*

W O M E N,

Lady Wishfort, *Enemy to Mirabell.*
 Mrs. Millamant, *a fine Lady, Niece to Lady Wish-*
fort, and loves Mirabell,
 Mrs. Marwood, *Friend to Mr. Fainall, and likes Mirabell.*
 Mrs. Fainall, *Daughter to Lady Wishfort,*
 Foible, *Woman to Lady Wishfort,*
 Mincing, *Woman to Mrs. Millamant,*

AT DRURY-LANE.

Mr. BENSLEY.
 Mr. SMITH.
 Mr. KING.
 Mr. BADDELEY,
 Mr. MOODY.
 Mr. PARSONS.

{

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. FARREN.
 Mr. WROUGHTON.
 Mr. LEWIS,
 Mr. BONNOR,
 Mr. WILSON,
 Mr. QUICK.

{

Mrs. PITT,
 Mrs. ARINGTON,
 Mrs. BATES.
 Mrs. INCHBALD,
 Mrs. MORTON,
 Mrs. POUSSIN.

Footmen, and Attendants. S C E N E, L O N D O N,

The Time equal to that of the Representation,

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Chocolate House.

Mirabell and Fainall. [*Rising from Cards.*] Betty waiting.

Mira. **Y**OU are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.
Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent, you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester, lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mira. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why so reserved? something has put you out of humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a Stoick. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mira. *Witwould* and *Petulant*! and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to sum

sum up all in her own name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in——

Fain. O there it is then——She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason——What, then my wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whisper'd one another; then ~~so~~ plain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrain'd smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mira. She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such resignation.

Fain. What! tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mira. I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murder'd reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody mov'd, that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community; upon which motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enrolled members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her detestation

detestation of mankind; and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and *Ratassa*; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

Fain. The discovery of your man addresses to her to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mira. I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a long in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the addresses of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropfy, perswaded her she was reported to be in labour. The devil's in't if an old woman is to be flatter'd farther, unless a man should endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbid me. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, *Mrs. Marwood*.

Fain. What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to answer a lady's advances, you have too much generosity, not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mira. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

Fain.

Fain. Fy, fy, friend, if you grow censorious, I must leave you;—I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. *Petulant* and *Witwoud*—Bring me some chocolate. [Exit]

Mira. *Betty*, what says your clock?

Bet. Turn'd of the last canonical hour, fir.

Mira. How pertinently the jade answers me! ha! almost one o'clock! [Looking on his watch.] O, y'are come——

Enter Footman.

Well; is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

Foot. Sir, there's such coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have fail'd before it came to our turn; so we drove round to *Duke's Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Foot. Incontestably, fir: I am witness.

Mira. Have you the certificate?

Foot. Here it is, fir.

Mira. Has the taylor brought *Waitwell's* clothes home, and the new liveries?

Foot. Yes, fir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the consummation till farther order; bid *Waitwell* shake his ears, and dame *Partlet* ruffle up her feathers, and meet me at one o'clock by *Rosamond's* pond; that I may see her before she returns to her lady; and as you tender your ears be secret. [Exit Footman.]

Enter Fainall.

Fain. Joy of your success, *Mirabell*; you look pleased.

Mira. Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that

that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged, are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

Mira. I am of another opinion. The greater the cockcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Wit* would entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

Mira. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

Mira. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less disturbance; till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted

acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't you are your own man again.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I, have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is one 'Squire *Witwould* here?

Bet. Yes; what's your business?

Mess. I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir *Wilful*, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

Bet. He's in the next room, friend——That way. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Mira. What is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir *Wilful Witwould*?

Fain. He is expected to day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary person; I think you have the honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half-brother to this *Witwould* by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my wife's mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call cousins too.

Mira. I would rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

Mira. For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know we have block-heads of all ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstock'd.

Mira. Pray are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the 'squire his brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwould* grows by the knight, like

like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

Mira. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Witful* is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the *Tempest*; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good-nature, and does not always want wit.

Mira. Not always: but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

Enter Witwoud.

Wit. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my soul.

Fain. Why, what's the matter?

Wit. No letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;—a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden; he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyrick in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

Mira. A fool, and your brother, *Witwoud*!

Wit.

Wit. Ay, ay, my half brother. My half brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him:—*Fainall*, how does your lady? gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage; I don't know what I say; but she's the best woman in the world.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No man in town lives well with a wife but *Fainall*. Your judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

Wit. *Mirabell*.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons;—gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prythee excuse me—my memory is such a memory.

Mira. Have a care of such apologies, *Wit* would;—for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his money,—my money it was—I have had no luck to day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play;—for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: Since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, *Wit* would.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates——*Petulant*'s my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering—faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd

odd sort of a small wit: nay, I do him justice, I'm his friend, I won't wrong him.—And if he had any judgment in the world,—he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own.—No more breeding than a bum-bailly, that I grant you.—'Tis pity, the fellow has fire and life.

Mira. What, courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that.—I can't say as to that.—Yes, faith, in controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a man whom he feared, or a woman whom he loved.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him, —I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were my brother, I could not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Wit* would?

Wit. O pardon me—expose the infirmities of my friend!—No, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's insincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his happiness—his want of learning gives him the more opportunity to shew his natural parts.

Mira. He wants words.

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his
want

want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion.

Wit. Truth! ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it—I mean, he never speaks truth at all,—that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Is master *Petulant* here, mistress?

Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

Pain. O brave *Petulant*! three!

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

[Exit Coachman and Betty.]

Wit. That should be for two fasting boys, robbers, and a procureur troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

Mira. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but, to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more, by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em, because there's no more company here to take notice of him.—Why this is nothing to what he used to do:—before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself—

Fain. Call for himself! what dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean! why he would flip you out of this chocolate—

colate-house, just when you had been talking to him—As soon as your back was turn'd—whip he was gone;—then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, flap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he wou'd send in for himself, that is, I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

Mira. I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming: O I ask his pardon.

Enter Petulant and Betty.

Bet. Sir, the coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come;—'Sbud a man had as good be a profess'd midwife, as a profess'd gallant, at this rate; to be knock'd up, and raised at all hours, and in all places. Duce on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come——Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out. *[Exit Betty.]*

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

Pet. All's one, let it pass——I have a humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition! condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour——By this hand, if they were your—a—a—your what-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I am not in the vein.

Mira. What-d'ye-call-'ems! what are they, *Witwould*?

Wit. Empreſſes, my dear——By your what-d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolanas.*

Mira. Cry you mercy.

Fain. *Witwould* says they are——

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I? fine ladies I say.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwould*——Harkee, by this light his relations—Two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves intriguing better than a conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off—Ha, ha, ha! gad I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear *Petulant*.

Enter Betty.

Bet. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

Fain. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandon'd the whole sex for her sake.

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, *Petulant*, about that business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass——There are other throats to be cut——

Mira. Meaning mine, sir?

Pet. Not I—I mean no body—I know nothing——But there are uncles and nephews in the world—And they may be rivals——What then, all's one for that—

Mira. Now, harkee, *Petulant*, come hither—Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

Pet. Explain; I know nothing——Why you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's*?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why that's enough—You and he are not friends: and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha!

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest fellow, *Petulant*, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

Pet. I! nothing; I! If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent

Mira.

Mira. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets——What, you're a cabalist; I know you staid at *Millamant's* last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? tell me. If thou hadst but good-nature equal to thy wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwould*, who is now thy competitor in fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that it may be granted thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, harkee.

[they talk apart.]

Fain. *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a rival as a lover.

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw! that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part—But that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—Harkee—To tell you a secret, but let it go no farther—Between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

Fain. How?

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

Fain. I thought you had died for her.

Wit. Umph——No——

Fain. She has wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last night; and heard something of an uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to town,—and is between him and the best part of his estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some distance, as my lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell* worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if

it should come to life, poor *Mirabell* would be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i' faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* should hearken to it.

Wit. Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman, and a kind of a humourist.

Mira. And this is the sum of what you could collect last night?

Pet. The quintessence. May be *Wit* would knows more, he staid longer—— Besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

Pet. Ay, *tête à tête*; but not in public, because I make remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay; I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know; they are not in awe of him—— The fellow's well bred; he's what you call a—— What-d'ye-call'em, a fine gentleman: but he's silly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the ladies talk of being there.

Mira. I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother sir *Wilfull*'s arrival.

Wit. No, no; he comes to his aunt's my lady *Wishfort*: plague on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

Pet. Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us, and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a humour to be severe.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves— Let not us be accessary to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? Then let'em either shew their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else
shew

shew their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

Mira. But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this hand—I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgments in defence of your practice.

*Where modesty's ill-manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.* [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Mrs. Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. Fain. **A**Y, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable; and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe: they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us; and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We

38 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and re-admit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. *Fain*. Bless me, how have I been deceived? Why you're a professed libertine.

Mrs. *Mar*. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *Fain*. Never.

Mrs. *Mar*. You hate mankind?

Mrs. *Fain*. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. *Mar*. Your husband?

Mrs. *Fain*. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. *Mar*. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. *Fain*. There.

Mrs. *Mar*. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. *Fain*. Is it possible? dost thou hate those vipers men?

Mrs. *Mar*. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. *Fain*. There spoke the spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. *Mar*. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion farther.

Mrs. *Fain*. How?

Mrs. *Mar*. By marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. *Fain*. You would not dishonour him.

Mrs. *Mar*. No: but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *Fain*. Why had you not as good do it?

Mrs. *Mar*. O if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

Mrs. *Fain*.

Mrs. *Fain*. Ingenious mischief! would thou wert married to *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *Mar*. Would I were.

Mrs. *Fain*. You change colour.

Mrs. *Mar*. Because I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain*. So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. *Mar*. I never loved him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain*. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. *Mar*. O then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *Fain*. Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

Mrs. *Mar*. What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain*. My husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

Enter Fainall and Mirabell.

Mrs. *Mar*. Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *Fain*. For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My dear.

Mrs. *Fain*. My soul.

Fain. You don't look well to-day, child.

Mrs. *Fain*. D'ye think so?

Mira. He's the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. *Fain*. The only man that would tell me so at least; and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

Fain. O my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. *Fain*. Mr. *Mirabell*, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night; I could fain hear it out.

Mira. The persons concern'd in that affair, have
B 3 yet

yet a tolerable reputation.—I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. *Fain*. He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another, by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Mirabell*]

Fain. Excellent creature! well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

Mrs. *Mar*. Ay?

Fain. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! nothing remains when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mrs. *Mar*. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. No! I think not.

Mrs. *Mar*. Pray let us; I have a reason.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mrs. *Mar*. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *Mar*. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honour?

Fain. You would intimate then, as if there were a particular understanding between my wife and him?

Mrs. *Mar*. I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. *Mar*. It may be you are deceived.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. *Mar*. What?

Fain. That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

Mrs. *Mar*. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know, I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another, have made you clash till you have both
struck

struck fire, I have seen the warm confession, reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not——'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With infidelity, with loving another, with love of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? to undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with *Millamant*?

Mrs. Mar. My obligations to my lady urged me: I had profess'd a friendship to her; and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

Fain. What, was it conscience then? Profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her thro' strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? and have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit? To you it should be meritorious, that I have been vicious; and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which should lie buried in your bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but

to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice—'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy; but you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed—If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your wife; own what has pass between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my wrongs I'll do't—I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me; both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

Fain. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestow'd as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it—'Tis true—had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconciliation: *Millamant* had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? what's pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? have I not a wife? nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to baffle thro' the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you be reconciled to truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent—I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. Mar.

Mrs. Mar. I loath the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

Fain. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mrs. Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mar. I care not—Let me go.—Break my hands, do——I'd leave 'em to get loose.

Fain. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

Mrs. Mar. Well, I have deserved it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling! O that——Well, it is not yet——

Fain. What? what is it not? what is not yet? is it not yet too late——

Mrs. Mar. No, it is not yet too late——I have that comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loath, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

Fain. Nay, this is extravagance—Come, I ask your pardon—No tears—I was to blame, I could not love you and be easy in my doubts—Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends;—I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another world, I'll marry thee—Be pacified—'Sdeath! they come, hide your face, your tears—You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. They are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but, since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

Mira. O you should hate with prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

Mira. You should have just so much disgust for
B 5 your

34. THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds; and would you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? why did you make me marry this man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused, who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, *Mirabell*.

Mira. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

Mira. *Waitwell*, my servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble servant to *Foible* my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that—she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira. *Waitwell* and *Foible*. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like *Mosca* in the *Fox*, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mira.

Mira. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between *Millamant* and your uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible's* direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl—'tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to wither in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your mistress.

Enter Mrs. Millamant, Witwould, Mincing.

Mira. Here she comes i'faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—ha, no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, madam.—You used to have the *beau-monde* throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

Witw. Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mill. O I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the crowd—

Witw. As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

Mill. Dear Mr. *Witwould*, truce with your similitudes: for I am as sick of 'em—

Witw. As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mill. Yet again! *Mincing*, stand between me and his wit.

Witw. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But, dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

Mill. Long! lud! have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Witw. Madam, truce with your similitudes—no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave, *Witwould*, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

Witw. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Minc. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Mill. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—*Mincing*, what had I? why was I so long?

Minc. O mem, your laship staid to peruse a packet of letters.

Mill. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

Witw. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

Mill. Only with those in verse, Mr. *Witwould*. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think, I tried once, *Mincing*.

Minc. O mem, I shall never forget it.

Mill. Ay, poor *Mincing* tist and tist all the morning.

Minc. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crisp.

Witw. Indeed, so crisp?

Minc. You're such a critic, Mr. *Witwould*.

Mill. *Mirabell*, did you take exeptions last night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't I'm angry——No, now I think on't I'm pleased——For I believe I gave you some pain.

Mira.

Mira. Does that please you?

Mill. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mira. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mill. O, I ask your pardon for that—One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—And then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms—Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mill. O the vanity of these men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift!—Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then if one pleases, one makes more.

Witw. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mill. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain, empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mill. How so?

Mira. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Witw. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly,

fantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mill. O fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave these men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwould*. [*Aside to Mrs. Fainall*,

Mrs. Fain. Immediately: I have a word or two for *Mr. Witwould*. [*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Witwould*]

Mira. I would beg a little private audience too.—You had the tyranny to deny me last night; tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concern'd my love.

Mill. You saw I was engaged.

Mira. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable; or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mill. I please myself.—Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mira. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Mill. Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it, next to *Assa-fetida*.

Mira. You are not in a course of fools.

Mill. *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive freedom—you'll displease me—I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you.—We shan't agree.

Mira. Not in our physic, it may be.

Mill. And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*.—I'm resolved.—I think—You may go.—Ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

Mira. I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

Mill.

Mill. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mira. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

Mill. Sententious *Mirabell*! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mira. You are merry, madam; but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mill. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*; if ever you will win me woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment—

Mill. To hear you tell me *Forble's* married, and your plot like to speed—No.

Mira. But how you came to know it—

Mill. Without the help of conjuration, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. [Exeunt *Millamant* and *Mincing*.]

Mira. I have something more—Gone—Think of you! to think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct—O here come my pair of turtles—What, billing so sweetly! is not *Valentine's* day

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

day over with you yet? [*Enter Waitwell and Foible.*]
Sirrah, Waitwell, why sure you think you were married for your own recreation, and not for my conveniency.

Wait. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been billing; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mira. Give you joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

Foi. O-las, sir, I'm so ashamed—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, sir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foi. I told my lady as you instructed me, sir: that I had a prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

Wait. I think she has profited, sir, I think so.

Foi. You have seen Madam *Millamant*, sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foi. I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

Mira. Your diligence will merit more—in the mean time—— [*Gives money.*]

Foi. O dear sir, your humble servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off, sir, not a penny—Go on and prosper, *Foible*—The lease shall be made good, and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foi. I don't question your generosity, sir: and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come.—O dear,
I'm

I'm sure that [*looking out*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'ye, *Waitwell*. [*Exit*.

Wait. Sir *Rowland*, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment, she forgets herself.

Mira. Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir *Rowland*?

Wait. Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself.—[*Exit Mirabell*] Married, knighted, and attended all in one day! 'tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember, I'm married, and can't be my own again.

*Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life;
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *A Room in Lady Withfort's House.
Lady Withfort at her Toilet, Peg waiting.*

L. *Wish*. MERciful, no news of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, madam.

L. *Wish*. I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweet-heart? an arrant ash-colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! why dost thou not fetch me a little red red? didst thou not hear me, mopus?

Peg. The red *ratafia*, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?

L. *Wish*. *Ratafia*, fool! no, fool, not the *ratafia*, fool—Grant me patience! I mean the *Spanish* paper, ideot; complexion. Darling paint, paint, paint; dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient—
I cannot

I cannot come at the paint, madam; Mrs. Foible has lock'd it up, and carried the key with her.

L. *Wish.* Plague take you both——Fetch me the cherry-brandy then. [*Exit Peg.*] I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmfick*, the curate's wife, that's always breeding——Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

Enter Peg with a Bottle and China Cup.

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

L. *Wish.* A cup, save thee; and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *acorn*? why didst thou not bring thy thimble? hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill——So——again. See who that is——[*One knocks.*] Set down the bottle first.—Here, here, under the table—What, would'st thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster? [*Exit Peg.*] As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*. [*Enter Peg.*] No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

L. *Wish.* O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood*.

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. *Mar.* I'm surpris'd to find your ladyship in *dishabille* at this time of day.

L. *Wish.* *Foible's* a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. *Mar.* I saw her but now, as I came mask'd thro' the park, in conference with *Mirabell*.

L. *Wish.* With *Mirabell*? you sell my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

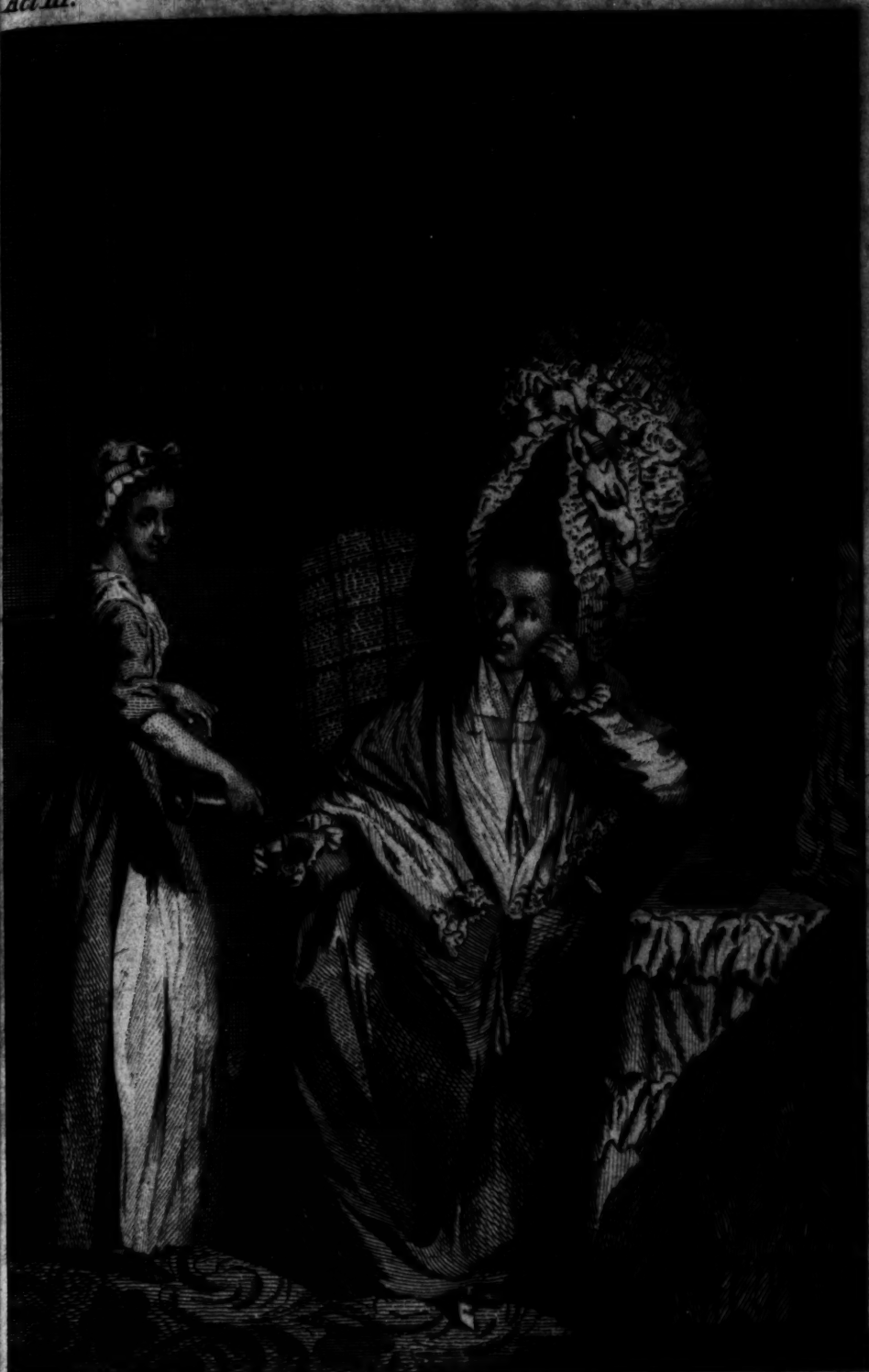
Mrs. *Mar.* O Madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. *Foible's* integrity.

L. *Wish.* O, he carries poison in his tongue that would

Act III.

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Scene 6.



Engraved by del.

Engraved Oct: 26th 1776. by T. Leavelle & Son.

MR. PITT as LADY WISHFORT.

L. With: *Come fill fill —*

would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah! dear *Marwood*, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—There are books over the chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's* works, to entertain you—

[*Exit Mrs. Marwood.*]

Go you thing, and send her in.

[*Exit Peg.*]

Enter Foible.

L. Wisp. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foi. Madam, I have seen the party.

L. Wisp. But what hast thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamour'd—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—Poor *Sir Rowland*, I say.

L. Wisp. The miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*?—What hadst thou to do with him in the park? answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So, mischief has been before-hand with me; what shall I say? [*aside*—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I could have borne: but he had a fling at your ladyship too; and then I could not hold: but i'faith I gave him his own.

L. Wisp. Me! what did the filthy fellow say?

Foi. O madam; 'tis a shame to say what he said—With his taunts and his sneers, tossing up his nose. Humph (says he) what you are a hatching some plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—Half-pay is but thin subsistence (says he)—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see?

(*says*)

#4 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

(says he) what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and—

L. Wifb. Odds my life, I'll have him-- I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poison'd in his wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket's* immediately.

Foi. Poison him! poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you would bless yourself, to hear what he said.

L. Wifb. A villain! superannuated!

Foi. Humph (says he) I hear you are laying designs against me too (says he), and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my uncle (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship); but (says he) I'll fit you for that; I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old frippery too (says he), I'll handle you—

L. Wifb. Audacious villain! handle me! would he durst?—Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

Foi. The sooner the better, madam.

L. Wifb. Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Foible*?

Foi. Incontinently, madam. No new Sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood; with that impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

L. Wifb. Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: A tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a *Long-Lane* pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the spend-thrift prodigal is in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his taylor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

Foi. He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black Fryars* for brass farthings, with an old mitten.

L. Wifb.

L. Wish. Ay, dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any œconomy of face. The wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

Foi. Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white varnish.

L. Wish. Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? why I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

Foi. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must fit for you, madam.

L. Wish. But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? or will he not fail when he does come? will he be importunate, *Foible*, and push? for if he should not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forced to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither. --I won't give him despair--But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

Foi. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

L. Wish. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best--A sort of a dyingness--You see that picture has a --sort of a--Ha, *Foible*? a swimmingness in the eyes--Yes, I'll look so--My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir *Rowland* handsome? let my toilet be removed--I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handsome? don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpris'd; I'll be taken by surpris'e.

Foi. By storm, madam, Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk man.

L. Wish. Is he? O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall save decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension

sion of offending against decorums. O I'm glad he is a brisk man. Let my things be removed, good *Foible*. [Exit,

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. O *Foible*, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late, That devil, *Marwood*, saw you in the park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

Foi. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. Fain. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face, I am privy to the whole design, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate *Mirabell's* uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

Foi. O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. *Mirabell* might have hinder'd his communicating this secret.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foi. O dear madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity.—Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my lady; but I warrant I managed myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to-night, she says;—I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a *Welch* maidenhead.

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible*!

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him—besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me—She has a penchant; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.—[Call.] *John*—remove

remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the back-stairs, lest I should meet her. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Indeed, Mrs. *Engine*, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the *pass-partout*, a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend *Fainall*, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems 'tis over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit: else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant: to procure for him! a pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your match.---O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an afs: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an ideot, a driveller with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! madam *Marwood* has a penchant, but he can't abide her.---'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair; without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity---he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chemist upon the day of projection.

Enter Lady Wishfort.

L. *Wish.* O dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness?---But my dear friend is all goodness.

Mrs. *Mar.* No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

L. *Wish.* As I'm a person I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself.---But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do.---[Calls]---*Foible*---I expect my nephew Sir *Wilfull* every moment too:---Why *Foible*---He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. *Mar.* Methinks Sir *Wilfull* should rather think of

of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

L. Wifb. O he's in less danger of being spoil'd by his travels—I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to chuse for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks *Mrs. Millamant* and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards, 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

L. Wifb. I promise you I have thought on't—And since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propose it. [*Enter Foible.*] Come, come *Foible*—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

Foi. *Mr. Witwoud* and *Mr. Petulant* are come to dine with your ladyship.

L. Wifb. O dear, I can't appear till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood*, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

[*Exeunt Lady Wishfort and Foible.*]

Enter Mrs. Millamant and Mincing.

Mill. Sure never any thing was so unbred as that odious man.—*Marwood*, your servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a colour, what's the matter?

Mill. That horrid fellow, *Petulant*, has provoked me into a flame—I have broke my fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours.—Is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done?

Mill. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted every thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he would have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow, mem, I thought once they would have fir.

Mill. Well, tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of chusing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A

fool

fool and a *Daily* stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

Mill. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out—They are such *drap-de-berry* things! without one could give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool should be given there, like a new masking-habit after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you would but appear barefaced now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it; the secret is grown too big for the pretence: 'tis like *Mrs. Primly's* great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my lady *Strammel* can her face, that goodly face, which, in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

Mill. I'll take my death, *Marwood*, you are more censorious than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast. *Mincing*, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice. [*Exit Mincing.*] The town has found it! what has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret that you discover'd it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it is a secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettled.

Mill. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

Mill. Oh silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear, I never enjoined it him, to be so coy—If I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to shew more gallantry.—'Tis

hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha! tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and deliver'd with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry!

Mill. Ha? Dear creature, I ask your pardon—I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

Mill. O dear, what? for 'tis the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

Mill. O madam, why so do I—And yet the creature loves me; ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it?—I am a Sybil if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer—and within a year or two as young—If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you—But that cannot be—Well, that thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

Mill. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

Enter Mincing.

Min. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

Mill. Desire Mrs. —, that is in the next room to sing the song I would have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam—Not that there's any great matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my humour.

S O N G.

I.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,

When 'tis not with ambition join'd;

A sickly flame, which if not fed expires;

And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

31

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy
Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,
For whom inferior beauties fig'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

Enter Petulant and Witwoud.

Mill. Is your animosity compos'd, gentlemen?

Witw. Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity—We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity—The falling-out of wits is like the falling-out of lovers—We agree in the main, like treble and base. Ha, *Petulant*!

Pet. Ay, in the main—But when I have a humour to contradict—

Witw. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

Pet. If he says black's black—If I have a humour to say 'tis blue—Let that pass—All's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Witw. Not positively must—But it may—it may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

Witw. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

Mr. Mar. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

Witw. *Petulant*'s an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

Pet. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a sign indeed 'tis no enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, 'tis no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

52 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Mill. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

Witw. That I confess I wonder at too.

Mill. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Pet. Why should a man be any further from being married tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book—So all's one for that.

Mill. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone. [*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*
Enter Sir Wilfull Witwoud in a riding dress, and Footman.

Witw. In the name of *Bartholomew* and his fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Witw. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir Wil. Dressing! What, 'tis but morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in *Shropshire*—Why then belike my aunt han't dined yet—Ha, friend?

Foot. Your aunt, sir?

Sir Wil. My aunt, sir? yes my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir—Why, what dost thou not know me, friend? Why then send some body hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

Foot. A week, sir; longer than any in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir Wil. Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou seest her; ha, friend?

Foot. Why truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir Wil.

Sir Wil. Well, pr'ythee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, inquire her out; dost hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, *Sir Wilfull Witwould*, is in the house.

Foot. I shall, fir.

Sir Wil. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: Pr'ythee who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, fir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. [Exit.

Sir Wil. Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a'knows his own name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Witwould*, your brother is not behind-hand in forgetfulness---I fancy he has forgot you too.

Witw. I hope so---The duce take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir Wil. Save you, gentlemen and lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. *Witwould*; why won't you speak to him?---And you, fir.

Witw. Petulant, speak.

Pet. And you, fir.

Sir Wil. No offence, I hope. [Salutes *Marwood*.

Mrs. Mar. No sure, fir.

Witw. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a journey, fir; hem, hem. [Surveying him round.

Sir Wil. Very likely, fir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No offence, I hope, fir.

Sir Wil. May be not, fir; thereafter as 'tis meant, fir.

Witw. Smoke the boots, the boots; *Petulant*, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

Sir Wil. Why, 'tis like you may, fir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, fir, if you will step to the stable, you may inquire further of my horse, fir.

Pet. Your horse, fir! your horse is an afs, fir!

Sir Wil. Do you speak by way of offence, fir?

Mrs. Mar. The gentleman's merry, that's all, fir

—'Slife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and ass, before they find one another out.—You must not take any thing amiss from your friends, fir. You are among your friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not mistaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwould*.

Sir *Wil*. Right, lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwould*, so I write myself; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the Lady *Wishfort* of this mansion.

Mrs. *Mar*. Don't you know this gentleman, fir?

Sir *Wil*. Hum! What, sure 'tis not—Yea by'r lady but 'tis,—'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no—Yea but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother *Anthony*! what *Tony*, i'faith! what dost thou not know me? By'r lady nor I thee, thou art so belaced, and so beperiwigg'd—'Sheart why dost not speak? art thou o'erjoyed?

Witw. 'Odsso brother, is it you? your servant, brother.

Sir *Wil*. Your servant! why yours, fir. Your servant again—'Sheart, and your friend and servant to that—And a—(puff) and a flap-dragon for your service, fir; and a hare's foot, and a hare's scut for your service, fir; an you be so cold and so courtly!

Witw. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir *Wil*. 'Sheart, fir, but there is, and much offence—A plague! is this your Inns o'Court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

Witw. Why, brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as short as a *Sbrewsbury* cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of serjeants—'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir *Wil*. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this—By'r lady I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off honour'd brother; and hoping you are in good health, and so forth—To begin with a *Ras me, knight, I'm so sick of*
a last

last night's debauch—Ods heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a wench and a bottle, and so conclude—You could write news before you were out of you time, when you lived with honest *Pimple-Nose*, the attorney of *Furnival's Inn*—You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Wrekin. We could have gazettes, then, and *Dawks's* letter, and the weekly bill, till of late days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwould*, were you ever an attorney's clerk? of the family of the *Furnivals*, Ha, ha, ha!

Witw. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to *London*. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'prentice to a felt-maker in *Sbrewsbury*; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, and better than be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have served your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to travel, fir, as I'm informed.

Sir Wil. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

Pet. And the wind serve.

Sir Wil. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask licence of you, fir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, fir; 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam—Yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace hold, whereby that is taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for *France* at all adventures.

Sir Wil. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution,—because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand still I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas.

seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an academy in town for that and dancing, and curious accomplishments, calculated purely for the use of grown gentlemen.

Sir Wil. Is there? 'tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improved.

Witw. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* skipper from a whale-fishing.

Enter Lady Wishfort and Fainall.

L. Wish. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your servant.

Fain. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand,

L. Wish. Cousin Witwould, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? dinner's almost ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony; belike I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

L. Wish. O he's a rallier, nephew—My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to chuse. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand railery better.

[Fainall and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.]

Sir Wil. Why then let him hold his tongue in the mean time; and rail when that day comes.

Enter Mincing.

Minc. Mem, I am come to acquaint your lanship that dinner is impatient.

Sir Wil. Impatient? why then belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of slippers?—My man's with his horses, I warrant.

L. Wish. Fy, fy, nephew, you would not pull off your boots here—Go down into the hall—Dinner shall stay for you—

[Exeunt Mincing and Sir Wilfull.]

My

My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam.—Gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, madam,—before Sir *Will* is ready. [*Exeunt Lady Wishf. Petul. and Witwould.*]

Fain. Why then *Foible*'s a procurefs; an errant, rank, match-making procurefs. And I it seems am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath! to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with budding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, out-jilted—out-matrimony'd—If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat—but to crawl after, with my horns like a snail, and be out-stripp'd by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off; you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their plot,—the half of *Millamant*'s fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Ay, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my dishonour by that increase of fortune. I could have worn 'em tipt with gold, tho' my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game before she was married.

Fain. Hum! That may be—

Mrs. Mar. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The means, the means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her—My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds,

bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune, and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. This has an appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between *Millamant* and *Sir Wilfull*, that may be an obstacle.

Fain. O, for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disabie him for that, he will drink like a *Dani*; after dinner, I'll fet his hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well; how do you stand affected towards your lady?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—I am married already; so that's over—My wife has play'd the jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be—No, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation,—As to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question.—And as to my part in my wife's—Why she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! faith and that's well thought on; marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being derived from so honourable a root?

Mrs. Mar. Nay, I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

Fain. So, so, why this point's clear—Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a letter which shall be deliver'd to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act *Sir Rowland* is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have *Foible* provoked if I could help it,—because
you

you know she knows some passages—Nay, I expect all will come out—But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst—I'll turn my wife to grass—I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinced that I hate *Mirabell* now; you'll be no more jealous.

Fain. Jealous! no—by this kiss—let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

All husbands must, or pain, or shame endure;

The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

L. Wish. **I**S Sir *Rowland* coming, say'st thou, *Foible*?
and are things in order?

Foi. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

L. Wish. Have you pulvill'd the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Foi. Yes, madam.

L. Wish. And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence to his passion?

C. 6.

Foi.

Foi. All is ready, madam.

L. Wsb. And—well—and how do I look, *Foible*?

Foi. Most killing well, madam.

L. Wsb. Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surpris'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion—It shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

Foi. 'Tis he, madam.

L. Wsb. O dear, has my nephew made his addressee to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

L. Wsb. Odds my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland*. [Exit.

Enter Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.

Foi. Madam, I staid here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waxed this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

Mill. No—what would the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself.—Bid him come another time.

*There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

[Repeating and walking about.
That's

That's hard!

Mrs. *Fain*. You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to-day, *Millamant*, and the poets.

Mill. He? ay, and filthy verses—So I am.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Mill. Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away,—or send him hither,—just as you will, dear *Foible*.—I think I'll see him—Shall I? ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train.

[*Repeating*.

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*—Thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art married and hast patience—I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. *Fain*. I am obliged to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

Enter Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. *Fain*. O Sir *Wilfull*, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir *Wil*. Yes; my aunt will have it so,—I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—but I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is upon further acquaintance—[*This while Milla, walks about repeating to herself.*] So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave—If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company—

Mrs. *Fain*. O fy, Sir *Wilfull*! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir *Wil*. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that—for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all—your servant.

Mrs. *Fain*. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Foible*.

Sir *Wil*. Nay, nay, cousin,—I have forgot my gloves.

What

What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the door indeed, I think—Nay, cousin *Fainall*, open the door—Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this!—Nay, now a'has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were—I think this door's enchanted——

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

I pr'ythee spare me, gentle boy,

Press me no more for that slight toy.

Sir Wil. Anan? Cousin, your servant.

Mill.—*That foolish trifle of a heart*

—*Sir Wilfull!*

Sir Wil. Yes—your servant. No offence I hope, cousin.

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

I swear it will not do its part,

Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.

Natural, easy *Suckling!*

Sir Wil. Anan? *Suckling?* No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank Heaven, I'm no minor.

Mill. Ah rustick, ruder than *Gotbick*.

Sir Wil. Well, well, I shall understand your *lingo* one of these days, cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain *Englisb*.

Mill. Have you any business with me, *Sir Wilfull?*

Sir Wil. Not at present, cousin.—Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

Mill. A walk? what then?

Sir Wil. Nay, nothing—Only for the walk's sake, that's all—

Mill. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loath the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wil. Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may—Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confess'd indeed.—

Mill. *Ab l'etourdie!* I hate the town too.

Sir Wil. Dear heart, that's much—Hah! that you should hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with

with the country,—'tis like you may be one of those, cousin?

Mill. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wil. Not at present, cousin.—'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess.—However, that's as time shall try,—but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Mill. If it is of no great importance, *Sir Wilfull*, you will oblige me by leaving me. I have just now a little business.—

Sir Wil. Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case.—When you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that,—Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say.—Cousin, your servant.—I think this door's lock'd.

Mill. You may go this way, sir.

Sir Wil. Your servant, then with your leave I'll return to my company. [Exit.

Mill. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boys.

Enter Mirabell.

Mir. *Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.*

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?

Mill. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment; tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony. I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the last?

Mill. O, I should think I was poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious case; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish

minish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mill. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantick arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with only the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mill. Ah, don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay, adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

Mir. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mill. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm married; positively I won't be call'd names.

Mir. Names!

Mill. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mill.

Mill. Trifles,----as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mir. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions----That when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mill. You have free leave, propose your utmost; speak and spare not.

Mir. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex: No the friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a *Fop-scambling* to the play in a mask—Then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—And rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Mill. Detestable *Imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mir. *Item*, I article that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oil'd-skins, and I know not what—Hog's-bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid
all

all commerce with the gentlewoman in *What-d'ye-call-it* court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all procuresses with baskets, and pennyworths of *Muslin, China, Fans, &c.*—*Item*, when you shall be breeding—

Mill. Ah! name it not.

Mir. Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours.—

Mill. Odious endeavours!

Mir. I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf? and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the *Tea-table* I submit.—But with *Proviso*, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple *Tea-table* drinks, as *Tea, Chocolate, and Coffee*. As likewise to genuine and authorized *Tea-table* talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all *foreign forces*, all auxiliaries to the *Tea-table*, as *Orange-brandy, all Anniseed, Cinnamon, Citron, and Barbadoes-waters*, together with *Ratafia*, and the most noble spirit of *Glory*.—But for *Cowslip-wine, Poppy-water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow.—These *Provisos* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mill. O horrid *Provisos*! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious *Provisos*.

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? and here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mill. *Fainall*, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, take him, take him; what should you do?

Mill. Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright—*Fainall*, I shall never say it—well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fain*. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mill. Are you? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—here kiss my hand tho'—so hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. *Fain*. *Mirabell*, there's a necessity for your obedience;—you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience if she should see you, would fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*, who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back-stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Mill. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I'll suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all obedience.

[Exit.

Mrs. *Fain*. Yonder's Sir *Wilfull* drunk! and so noisy, that my mother has been forced to leave Sir *Rowland* to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—what they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mill. Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. *Fain*. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had better take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Mill. How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

Enter Witwould from drinking.

Mrs. *Fain*. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Witw. Left 'em? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christenings—I am tipsy with laughing—If I had staid any longer I should have burst,—I must have been let out and pierced in the sides like an unfiz'd camlet—yes, yes, the fray is compos'd; my lady came in like a *noli prosequi*, and stopt the proceedings.

Mill.

Mill. What was the dispute?

Witw. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputtering at one another, like two roasting apples.

Enter Petulant drunk.

Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? gad, my head begins to whim it about—why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. *Millamant*—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off,—that's all.

Witw. Thou hast utter'd *volumes, folios*, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an epitomizer of words.

Pet. *Witwould*—You are an annihilator of sense.

Witw. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest—a *gemini* of asses split, would make just four of you.

Witw. Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

Pet. Stand off—I'll kiss no more males.—I have kiss'd your *rwin* yonder in a humour of reconciliation, till he (*biccup*) rises upon my stomach like a radish.

Mill. Eh! filthy creature—what was the quarrel?

Pet. There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

Witw. If there had been words enow between 'em to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

Pet. You were the quarrel.

Mill. Me!

Pet. If I have the humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises,—if you are not handsome, what then; if I have a humour to prove it?—if I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

Witw. Do, wrap thyself up like a *woodlouse*, and dream revenge

revenge—and hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your mistress's *monkey* a *spider*,—go flea dogs, and read romances—I'll go to bed to my maid.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Fain. He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

Witw. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight.—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

Enter Sir Wilfull drunk, and Lady Wishfort.

L. Wish. Out upon't, out upon't! at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

Sir Wil. No offence, aunt.

L. Wish. Offence? as I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you—fogh! how you stink of wine! d'ye think my niece will ever endure such a *borachio*? you're an absolute *borachio*.

Sir Wil. *Borachio*!

L. Wish. At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill—give me more drink, and take my purse.

Sings. *Pr'ythee fill me the glass*

'Till it laugh in my face,

With ale that is potent and mellow;

He that whines for a lass

Is an ignorant ass,

For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the word,—*Wilfull* will do't, that's my crest—my motto, I have forgot.

L. Wish. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word, you are obliged to him—

Sir Wil. *In vino veritas*, aunt: if I drunk your health to day, cousin,—I am a *borachio*. But if you have a mind to be married, say the word, and send for the piper; *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round—*Tony*, ods-heart, where's *Tony*?—*Tony*'s an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings.

Sings. *We'll drink, and we'll never be done, boys.*

Put the glass then around with the fun, boys.

Let Apollo's example invite us;

For he's drunk ev'ry night,

And that makes him so bright,

That he's able next morning to light us.

The fun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*—your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsyturvy fellows—if I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em—A match or no match, cousin with the hard name?—aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her maidenhead, let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the nine months end.

Mill. Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer—Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.*]

L. Wifb. Smells! he would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a! ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*—for thou art not fit to live in a christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan.

Sir *Wil.* *Turks!* no; no *Turks*, aunt; your *Turks* are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Musselman* is a dry stinkard—No offence, aunt. My map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a man as your christian—I cannot find by the map that your *Mufti* is orthodox—whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and (*hiccup*) Greek for claret.

Sings. *To drink is a christian diversion,*

Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:

Let Mahometan fools

Live by Heatbenish rules,

And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee,

But let British lads sing,

Crown a health to the king,

And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi.

Enter

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

177

Enter Foible, and whispers Lady Wishfort.

Eh, *Tony*!

L. Wish. Sir *Rowland* impatient? good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrell?—go lie down and sleep, you sot—or as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broomsticks. Call up the wenches with broomsticks.

Sir Wil. Ahey? wenches, where are the wenches?

L. Wish. Dear cousin *Witwould* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation—you will oblige me to all futurity.

Witw. Come, knight—plague on him, I don't know what to say to him—will you go to a cock-match?

Sir Wil. With a wench, *Tony*? Is she a snakebag, firrah? let me bite your cheek for that.

Witw. Horrible! he has a breath like a bagpipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian*?

Sir Wil. Lead on, little *Tony*—I'll follow thee, my *Anthony*, my *Tanthony*; firrah, thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy pig.

—And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi.

[*Exeunt Sir Wilfull, Mr. Witwould, and Foible.*]

L. Wish. This will never do. It will never make a match—At least before he has been abroad.

Enter Waitwell disguised as for Sir Rowland.

Dear Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness.—I have more pardons to ask than the Pope distributes in the year of Jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance,—we may unbend the severity of decorum—and dispense with a little ceremony.

Wait. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalized on the rack; and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

L. Wish. You have excess of gallantry, Sir *Rowland*; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence—But a day or two for decency of marriage.

Wait. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poison'd.

poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.—That would be some comfort to me, if I could—but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

L. Wils. Is he so unnatural, say you? truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge.—Not that I respect myself; tho' he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

L. Wils. O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and tremblings, the ardours and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetick regards of his protesting eyes! Oh no memory can register.

Wait. What, my rival! is the rebel my rival? a' dies.

L. Wils. No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland, starve him gradually, inch by inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms—he shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a save-all.

L. Wils. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way—You are no novice in the labyrinth of love—You have the clue—But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence—I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.—

Wait. Far be it from me—

L. Wils. If you do, I protest I must recede—or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums; but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

Wait. I esteem it so—

L. Wils. Or else you wrong my condescension—

Wait. I do not, I do not—

L. Wils. Indeed you do.

Wait.

Wait. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

L. Wish. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

Wait. Dear madam, no. You are all *campfire* and *frankincense*, all *chastity* and *odour*.

L. Wish. Or that—

Enter Foible.

Foi. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

L. Wish. Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you incessantly. [*Exit.*

Wait. Fy, fy!—What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any *cordial*? I want *spirits*.

Foi. What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady!

Wait. O, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials—this eight and forty hours. By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days—than act Sir *Rowland* till this time to-morrow.

Enter Lady Wishfort with a letter.

L. Wish. Call in the dancers;—Sir *Rowland*, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. [*Dance.* Now with your permission, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

Foi. By heaven! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it.—My heart akes—get it from her—

Wait. A woman's hand? No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That somebody whose throat must be cut.

L. Wish. Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here!

Reads—Madam, tho' unknown to you [*Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.*] *I have that honour for*

your character, that I think myself obliged to let you know you are abused. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal—

O heavens! what's this?

Foi. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

Wait. How, how! let me see, let me see---reading, A rascal and disguised, and suborn'd for that imposture--- O villainy! O villainy!--By the contrivance of---

L. Wilsb. I shall faint, I shall die, ho!

Foi. Say 'tis your nephew's hand.---Quickly, his plot, swear it, swear it.---

Wait. Here's a villain! madam; don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

L. Wilsb. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the hand---A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand; your Roman hand---I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him---

Foi. O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

L. Wilsb. How!

Foi. O what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! this was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to madam Millamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face.

L. Wilsb. How, how!--I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when sir Wilfull was to have made his addresses.

Foi. Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship, to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

Wait. Enough, his date is short.

Foi. No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

Wait. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause---My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, tho' it cost me my life.

L. Wilsb.

L. Wish. No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight; if you should be killed I must never shew my face; or hang'd, ---O consider my reputation, Sir Rowland---No, you shan't fight,---I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love, not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you;---I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

L. Wish. Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a contract to be signed this night? May I hope so far?

L. Wish. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come---and married we will be in spite of treachery; ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandon'd nephew. Come, my buxom widow:

*Ere long you shall substantial proof receive
That I'm an arrant knight---*

Foi.---Or arrant knave. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE *continues.*

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

L. Wish. **O**UT of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom traitress, that I raised from nothing---Be gone, be gone, be gone, go, go---That I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chaffing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a birdcage,---go, go, starve again, do, do.

Foi. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

L. Wish. Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again---do, drive a trade, do, with your three-pennyworth of small ware, haunting upon a pack-thread, under a
D 2 brandy-

brandyfeller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *friskaner-gorget*; with a yard of yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade.---These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

Foi. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience---I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage---Or else the wealth of the *Indies* should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

L. Wifb. No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decay'd pimp? No damage! O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-bellied actress.

Foi. Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam---No, indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. He could not have bedded your ladyship; for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risque of the law, and been put upon his clergy---Yes, indeed, I inquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

L. Wifb. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,---while you were catering for *Mirabell*, I have been broker for you? What, have you made a passive bawd of me?---This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between *Abigail* and *Andrew*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you,

you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already ; you shall coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish. [Exit.

Foi. O that ever I was born ! O that I was ever married !--a bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell* bride, oh !

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. Poor *Foible*, what's the matter ?

Foi. O madam, my lady's gone for a constable ; I shall be had to a justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat hemp ; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to prison already.

Mrs. Fain. Have a good heart, *Foible* ; *Mirabell*'s gone to give security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my husband's doing.

Foi. Yes, yes, I know it, madam ; she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady ; and that missing effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the papers ; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declared all to my lady.

Mrs. Fain. Was there no mention made of me in the letter ?--My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy ; I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she has told my husband.

Foi. Yes, madam ; but my lady did not see that part ; we stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your ladyship then ?

Mrs. Fain. Ay, all's out ; my affair with *Mirabell*, every thing discovered. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

Foi. Indeed ! madam ; and so 'tis a comfort if you knew all,--he has been even with your ladyship ; which I could have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will ; I had rather bring friends together, than set them at distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. Fain. Say'st thou so, *Foible* ? Canst thou prove this ?

Foi. I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing* ; we have had many a fair word from madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our cham-

ber one evening when we were at *Hyde Park*;---and we were thought to have gone a walking: but we went up unawares,---tho' we were sworn to secrecy too; madam *Marwood* took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems.---So long as it was not a bible-oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. Fain. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish---Now *Mincing*!

Enter Mincing.

Minc. My lady would speak with *Mrs. Foible*, mem. *Mr. Mirabell* is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, *Mrs. Foible*, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something *Mr. Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

Mrs. Fain. Does your lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if *Sir Will* be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pounds. O, come *Mrs. Foible*, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. Fain. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, madam.

Minc. O, yes, mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

[*Exeunt Foible and Mincing.*]

Enter Lady Wishfort and Mrs. Marwood.

L. Wish. O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the detection of the impostor *Sir Rowland*. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear *Marwood*, let

let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. *Mar*. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the treaty.

L. *Wish*. O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? I have not only been a mould, but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

Mrs. *Fain*. I don't understand your ladyship.

L. *Wish*. Not understand! why, have you not been naught? have you not been sophisticated? not understand? here I am ruined to compound for your caprices, and your cuckoldoms. I must part with my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough---

Mrs. *Fain*. I am wrong'd and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend there, ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. *Mar*. My friend, Mrs. *Fainall*? your husband my friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. *Fain*. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

Mrs. *Mar*. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

L. *Wish*. O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns;---you ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish---O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity;---no, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. *Fain*. I tell you, madam, you're abused---Stick to you?

you? ay like a leach, to suck your best blood---she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial. [Exit.]

L. *Wish.* Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,---and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable---I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men,---ay, friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a man, till she was in her teens. As I'm a person 'tis true---She was never suffer'd to play with a male-child, tho' but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the *feminine gender*,---O, she never look'd a man in the face, but her own father, or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments and his sleek face; till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

L. *Wish.* I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechized by him; and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays, and profane musick-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the basses roar blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book---and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. *Mar.* Prove it, madam? what, and have your name prostituted in a publick court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers! to be ushered in with an O-yes of scandal; and have your case opened by an old fumbling lecher in a coif like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters,
and

and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Doomsday-book; to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickled with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and fidgets off and on his cushion, as if he had swallow'd cantharides, or fate upon cow-itch.

L. Wsb. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

L. Wsb. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the short-hand writers to the public press; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's; and this you must hear till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

L. Wsb. O, 'tis insupportable! No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all---any thing, every thing for composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

Enter Fainall.

L. Wsb. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood; no, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

L. Wsb. Never to marry!

Fain. No more Sir *Rowlands*—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

L. Wimb. Ay, that's true; but in case of necessity; as of health, or some such emergency——

Fain. O, if you are prescribed marriage, you shall be consider'd; I will only reserve to myself the power to choose for you. If your physick be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

L. Wimb. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a *Muscovite* husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czarish* majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practis'd in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of Mrs. *Millamant's* fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, Sir *Jonatban Wimbfort*), by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

L. Wimb. My nephew was *non compos*; and could not make his addresses.

Fain. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

L. Wimb. You will grant me time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected, which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the

said

said instrument, and till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion. [Exit,

L. *Wish.* This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs *Mar.* 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's failings.

L. *Wish.* 'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian; but she would have him, tho' her year was not out—Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate?—Here come two more of my Ægyptian plagues too.

Enter Millamant and Sir Wilfull.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your servant.

L. *Wish.* Out, caterpillar! call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *Wil.* I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say,—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

L. *Wish.* How's this, dear niece? have I any comfort? can this be true?

Mill. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of Knighthood; and for the contract that pass'd between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence;—he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

L. *Wish.* Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit

that traitor,——I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

Mill. If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

L. Wilsb. Are you sure it will be the last time?——if I were sure of that——shall I never see him again?

Mill. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I——He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over-seas once already; and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the door and hems.*]

Mrs. Mar. This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

L. Wilsb. O, dear Marwood, you are not going?

Mrs. Mar. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mirabell.

Sir Wil. Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you;—besides—harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own; 'sheart, and she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

Mira. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offered to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy.—Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain.—I come not to plead for favour;—nay, not for pardon;

don; I am a suppliant only for pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more.—

Sir Wil. How, fellow-traveller!—you shall go by yourself then.

Mir. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r lady a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt.—Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt; why you must, an you are a Christian.

Mir. Consider, madam, in reality, you could not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device; tho' I confess it had a face of guiltiness,—it was at most an artifice which love contrived—and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear; that to your cruel indignation I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, would I may never be o'the quorum.—An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I would I might never take shipping.—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry;—One doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolved.

L. Wsb. Well, nephew, upon your account—Ah, he has a false, insinuating tongue.—Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request—I will endeavour what I can to forget,—but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mir. It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

L. Wsb. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue;—When I did not see him, I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smother'd in my breast.—

[*Aside.*
Enter

Enter Fainall and Mrs Marwood.

Fain. Your debate of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument, are you prepared to sign?

L. Wish. If I were prepared, I am not impower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having match'd herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

Fain. That sham is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, madam.

Mill. Sir, I have given my consent.

Mir. And, fir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

Sir Wil. And, fir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, fir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument, fir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, fir. It shall not be sufficient for a *mitimus*, or a taylor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, or by'r lady I shall draw mine.

L. Wish. Hold, nephew, hold.

Mill. Good Sir Wilfull, respite your valour.

Fain. Indeed? are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepared for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.—I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right—You may draw your fox if you please, fir, and make a Bear-garden flourish somewhere else: for here it will not avail. This, my lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turn'd adrift, like a leaky hulk to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

L. Wish. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

Mir. But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise—

L. Wish.

L. Wish. O, what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

Mir. Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services;—but be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

L. Wish. How! dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! but it is not possible.—Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

Mir. Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

L. Wish. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mir. Foible is one, and a penitent.

Enter Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. Mar. O, my shame! [*Mira. and Lady go to Mrs. Fainall and Foible*] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [*To Fainall.*]

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

Foi. Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

Minc. And so will I, mem.

L. Wish. O *Marwood, Marwood*, art thou false! My friend deceive me! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

Minc. Mercenary, mem! I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon *Messalina's* poems. Mercenary! No, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

Fain.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant thing.—Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame: Your person shall be naked as your reputation.

Mrs. Fain. I despise you, and defy your malice—You have aspersed me wrongfully—I have proved your falsehood—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear—Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

L. Wisp. Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

Mir. O in good time—Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

Enter Waitwell with a box of writings.

L. Wisp. O Sir *Rowland*—Well, rascal.

Wait. What your ladyship pleases.—I have brought the black box at last, madam.

Mir. Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

L. Wisp. Ay, dear Sir.

Mir. Where are the gentlemen?

Wait. At hand, Sir, rubbing their eyes—just risen from sleep.

Fain. 'Sdeath! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

Enter Petulant and Witwould.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? whose hand's out?

Witw. Heyday! what, are you all together, like players at the end of the last act?

Mir. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

Witw. Ay I do, my hand I remember—*Petulant* set his mark

Mir. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear—You do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what that parchment contained—

[*Undoing the box.*

Witw.

Witw. No.

Pet. Not L. I writ, I read nothing.

Mir. Very well, now you shall know—Madam; your promise.

L. Wifb. Ay, ay, fir, upon my honour.

Mir. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now time that you should know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mir. Yes, fir, I say, that this lady while a widow, having it seems received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected—She did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learn'd in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mention'd. You may read if you please—*[holding out the parchment]*, tho' perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

Fain. Very likely, fir. What's here? Damnation!

[Reads.] *A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust, to Edward Mirabell.*

Confusion!

Mir. Even so, fir; 'tis *The Way of the World*, fir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

Fain. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be revenged—

[Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.]

Sir Wil. Hold, fir; now you may make your *Bear-garden*, flourish somewhere else, fir.

Fain. *Mirabell*, you shall hear of this, fir, be sure you shall—Let me pass, oaf. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Fain. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment: you had better give it vent.

Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have vent—and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. *[Exit.]*

Lady Wishfort, *Millamant*, *Mirabell*, *Mrs. Fainall*,

Sir Witfull, *Petulant*, *Witwould*, *Foible*, *Mincing*,

Waitwell.

L. Wifb.

L. Wifb. O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

L. Wifb. Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your promise.—and I must perform mine.—First, I pardon for your sake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*.—The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew—and how to do that—

Mir. For that, madam, give yourself no trouble—let me have your consent—Sir *Wilfull* is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action, for our service; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts—I have set on't—and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

Pet. For my part, I say little—I think things are best; off or on.

Wait. I gad I understand nothing of the matter,—I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

L. Wifb. Well fir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

Mill. Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

Mir. Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her hand.*] I would have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're married; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the mean time; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

Mir. With all my heart, dear Sir *Wilfull*. What shall we do for musick?

Foi. O, fir, some that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s entertainment are yet within call. [*A dance.*]

L. Wifb. As I am a person I can hold out no longer;—I have wasted my spirits so to day already, that I am ready

ready to sink under the fatigue: and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

Mir. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: in the mean time, madam, [To Mrs. Fainall] let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

*From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed,
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:
For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.*

[Exeunt omnes]

EPILOGUE.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
EPILOGUE.

AFTER our Epilogue this crowd *dismisses*,

I'm thinking how this play'll be pull'd to pieces.
But pray consider, ere you doom its fall,
How hard a thing 'twould be to please you all.
There are some critics so with spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleas'd;
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases any one against his will.
Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their number's swell'd, the town well knows;
In shoals I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit;
Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for want of wit.
Since when, they, by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault.
Others there are whose malice we'd prevent;
Such, who watch plays, with scurrilous intent,
To mark out who by characters are meant:
And tho' no perfect likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the copy'd face.
These, with false glosses feed their own ill-nature,
And turn to libel what was meant a satire.
May such malicious fops this fortune find,
To think themselves alone the fools design'd:
If any are so arrogantly vain,
To think they singly can support a scene,
And furnish fool enough to entertain.
For well the learn'd and the judicious know,
That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted fop to show.
For, as when painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair-one catch some different grace;
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend:
So poets oft do in one piece expose
Whole belles assemblées of coquets and beaux.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

SCENE I. Landscape of a Sea, with a Temple on Mount
Paris seated **THE** ...
JUDGMENT OF PARIS:

M A S Q U E.

Vincis utramque Venus.

Ov. Art. Am. L. 1.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

SCENE *a Landscape of a beautiful pasture on Mount Ida. Paris seated under a Tree, playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, Mercury descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he sings.*

Merc. **F**ROM high Olympus, and the realms above,
Behold I come, the messenger of Jove;
His dread commands I bear:

Shepherd, arise, and hear;

Arise, and leave awhile thy rural care;

Forbear thy woolly flock to feed,

And lay aside thy tuneful reed;

For thou to greater honours art decreed.

Par. O Hermes, I thy Godhead know,

By thy winged heels and head,

By thy rod that wakes the dead,

And guides the shades below.

Say, wherefore dost thou seek this humble plain,

To greet a lowly swain?

What does the mighty Thunderer ordain?

Merc. This radiant fruit behold,

More bright than burnish'd gold;

Three Goddesses for this contend:

See now they descend,

And this way they bend,

Shepherd, take the golden prize,

Yield it to the brightest eyes.

[Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are seen at a distance
descending in several Machines.

Par.

96 THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Par. O ravishing delight!

What mortal can support the fight?

Alas! too weak is human brain,
So much rapture to sustain.

I faint, I fall! O take me hence,

Ere ecstacy invades my aching sense;

Help me, Hermes, or I die,

Save me from excess of joy.

Merc. Fear not, mortal; none shall harm thee,

With my sacred rod I'll charm thee;

Freely gaze and view all over,

Thou may'st ev'ry grace discover.

Though a thousand darts fly round thee,

Fear not, mortal, none shall wound thee.

In two parts. { Happy thou of human race,
Gods with thee would change their place.

Par. { With no God I'd change my place,

Happy I of human race. [*Merc. ascends.*

[*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from her Machine; after the Symphony she sings.*

Juno. Saturnia, wife of thund'ring Jove, am I,

Belov'd by him, and empress of the sky;

Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring sight,

Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[*Symphony for Pallas.*

Pall. This way, mortal, bend thy eyes,

Pallas claims the golden prize;

A virgin Goddess free from stain,

And Queen of arts and arms I reign.

[*Symphony for Venus.*

Venus. Hither turn thee, gentle swain,

Let not Venus sue in vain;

Venus rules the Gods above,

Love rules them, and she rules Love.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

Pall. Hither turn to me again.

Juno. Turn to me, for I am she.

All Three. To me, to me, for I am she.

Venus. Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

Juno & Pall. She will deceive thee.

Venus. They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. 299

Chorus of all three. { Hither turn to me again,
To me, to me, for I am she;
Hither turn thee, gentle swain,

I.

Par. Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide,
So equal a title sure never was tried.
United, your beauties so dazzle the sight,
That lost in amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heavenly fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear;
And since a gay robe an ill shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a face that must carry the prize.

I.

Juno sings alone. Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings shalt tread,
Joys in circles joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancies lead.

III.

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

Chorus. Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

98 THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

I.

Pall. sings alone. Awake, awake, thy spirits raise,
Waste not thus thy youthful days,
Piping, toying,
Nymphs decaying,
Lost in wanton and inglorious ease.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious voice of war
Calls aloud, for arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial music charms the joyful air.

(Symphony)

Pall. sings. O what joys does conquest yield!
When returning from the field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The godlike hero crown'd with victory!
Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
Banners waving in the wind,
Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
Every voice in chorus join'd.
To me, kind swain, the prize resign,
And fame and conquest shall be thine.
Chorus. O how glorious 'tis to see
The godlike hero crown'd with victory!

(Symphony)

Ven. sings alone. Stay, lovely youth, delay thy choice;
Take heed lest empty names enthrall thee;
Attend to Cytherea's voice;
Lo! I, who am Love's mother, call thee.
Far from thee be anxious care,
And racking thoughts that vex the great;
Empire's but a gilded snare,
And fickle is the warrior's fate.
One only joy mankind can know,
And Love alone can that bestow.
Chorus. One only joy, &c.

I.

Venus sings. Nature fram'd thee sure for loving,
Thus adorn'd with every grace;

Venus

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. 99

Venus' self thy form approving,
Looks with pleasure on thy face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding arms!
Should bright Helen once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her charms.

III.

Fairest she, all nymphs transcending,
That the Sun himself has seen,
Were she for the crown contending,
Thou would'st own her beauty's queen.

IV.

Gentle shepherd, if my pleading
Can from thee the prize obtain,
Love himself thy conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless fair shall gain.

Paris. I yield, I yield, O take the prize,
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting song;
All Love's darts are in thy eyes,
And harmony falls from thy tongue.
Forbear, O Goddess of desire,
Thus my ravish'd soul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging fire,
And be propitious to my love.

Here Paris gives to Venus the golden Apple. Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Hours, who assemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a circle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus, while Juno and Pallas ascend.

Grand chor. Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves,
Hither all ye Hours resort;
Billing sparrows, cooing doves;
Come all the train of Venus' court.
Sing all great Cytherea's name;
Over empire, over fame,
Her victory proclaim.

Sing, sing, and spread the joyful news around,
The queen of love is queen of beauty crown'd.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Then, tell thy form appearing
A goddess with sceptre on her side,
Happy nymph who shall enfold thee,
Quel'd in thy yielding arms,
Should not be the least of thy charms,
She'll remember all her charms,
Which all thy nymphs are wanting,
That thou shalt be the crown
Wear for the crown of conquest,
Then wouldst thou be a crown.

IV.

Gods descend from the sky,
Can from the sky descend,
Love himself, the conquest of
Then that matchless pair shall join,
Pair I yield, I yield O love,
And cease, O cease to be my love,
All love's charms are in thy eye,
And harmony, love from the sky,
Forbear, O goddess, to be
Thus my heart shall move,
Forbear to be the conqueror,
And be the conqueror to my love,
The fairest of the gods,
Cupid's hand, the fairest of the gods,
as Venus, thy love, the fairest of the gods,
all the fairest of the gods,
wonder, and the fairest of the gods,
and the fairest of the gods.

Grand choir, the fairest of the gods,
Hail to the fairest of the gods,
Killing, the fairest of the gods,
Come all the fairest of the gods,
Sing all great Cytherea's name,
Over, the fairest of the gods,
Hail to the fairest of the gods,
2nd, 3rd, and 4th, the fairest of the gods,
The fairest of the gods is the fairest of the gods.

Exeunt omnes

A R G U M E N T U M

S E M E L E

A N

O P E R A.

*A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei
bono auctori, & in hac re, sicut in omnibus, incom-
stantissimo.*

Seneca, Ep. 99.

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER Jupiter's amour with Europa, the daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia; he again incenses Juno by a new affair in the same family; viz. with Semele, niece to Europa, and daughter to Cadmus, King of Thebes. Semele is on the point of marriage with Athamas; which marriage is about to be solemnized in the temple of Juno, Goddess of marriages, when Jupiter, by ill omens, interrupts the ceremony, and afterwards transports Semele to a private abode prepared for her. Juno, after many contrivances, at length assumes the shape and voice of Ino, sister to Semele; by the help of which disguise, and artful insinuations, she prevails with her to make a request to Jupiter, which being granted, must end in her utter ruin.

This fable is related in Ovid. *Metam.* L. 3. but there Juno is said to impose on Semele in the shape of an old woman, her nurse. 'Tis hoped, the liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old woman, will be excused: It was done because Ino is interwoven in the design by her love of Athamas, to whom she was married, according to Ovid; and, because her character bears a proportion with the dignity of the other persons represented. This reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a thing intirely fictitious; and more especially, being represented under the title of an Opera, where greater absurdities are every day excused.

It was not thought requisite to have any regard either to rhyme, or equality of measure, in the lines of that part of the dialogue which was designed for the recitative style in music. For as that style in music is not confined to the strict observation of time and measure, which is required in the composition of *Airs* and *Sonatas*, so neither is it necessary that the same exactness in numbers, rhymes, or measure, should be observed in words designed to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in the formation of *Odes* and *Sonnets*. For, what they call Recitative in music, is only a more tuneable speaking; it is a kind of prose in music; its beauty consists in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural accents of words by more pathetic or emphatical tones.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Jupiter.

Cadmus, King of Thebes.

Atbamas, a Prince of Boeotia, in love with and assigned to marry Semele.

Somnus.

Apollo.

Cupid.

Zephyrs.

Loves.

Shepherds.

Satyrs.

Juno.

Iris.

Semele, Daughter to Cadmus, beloved by and in love with Jupiter.

Ino, Sister to Semele, in love with Atbamas.

Shepherdesses.

Chief Priest of Juno, other Priests and Augurs.

SCENE in BOEOTIA.

S E M E L E

A C T I.

SCENE *the Temple of JUNO; near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offered; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of JUNO is seen to bow.*

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, and INO.

First **B**EHOLD! auspicious flashes rise;

Priest, Juno accepts our sacrifice;

The grateful odour swift ascends,

And see, the golden image bends.

1st. & 2d. Pr. Lucky omens bless our rites,

And sure success shall crown your loves;

Peaceful days and fruitful nights

Attend the pair that she approves.

Cadmus. Daughter, obey,

Hear, and obey.

With kind consenting

Ease a parent's care;

Invent no new delay.

Athamas. O hear a faithful lover's prayer;

On this auspicious day

Invent no new delay.

Cad. and Ath. Hear, and obey;

Invent no new delay

On this auspicious day.

Semele [apart]. Ah me!

What refuge now is left me?

How various, how tormenting,

Are my miseries!

O Jove, assist me!

Can Semele forego thy love?

E 5

And

And to a mortal's passion yield?
Thy vengeance will o'ertake
Such perfidy.

If I deny, my father's wrath I fear.

O Jove, in pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

Athamas. See she blushing turns her eyes;

See with sighs her bosom panting:

If from love these sighs arise,

Nothing to my bliss is wanting.

Hymen haste, thy torch prepare,

Love already his has lighted;

One soft sigh has cur'd despair,

And more than my past pains requir'd.

Ino. Alas! she yields,

And has undone me:

I can no longer hide my passion;

It must have vent—

Or inward burnings

Will consume me.

O Athamas—

I cannot utter it—

Athamas. On me fair Ino calls

With mournful accents,

Her colour fading,

And her eyes o'erflowing;

Ino. O Semele!

Semele. On me she calls,

Yet seems to shun me;

What would my sister?

Speak—

Ino. Thou hast undone me.

Cad. Why dost thou untimely grieve,

And all our solemn rites profane?

Can he, or she, thy woes relieve?

Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?

Ino. Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

Ath. Can I thy woes relieve?

Semele. Can I assuage thy pain?

Cad. Ath. and Sem. Of whom dost thou complain?

Ino. Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[It lightens, and thunder is heard at a distance; then, a noise of rain; the fire is suddenly extinguished on the altar: the Chief Priest comes forward.]

1st. Priest. Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs!

Some god averse our holy rites controls.

O'erwhelm'd with sudden night, the day expires!

Ill-boding thunder on the right-hand rolls.

And Jove himself descends in show'rs,

To quench our late propitious fires.

Chorus of Priests. Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs!

2d. Priest. Again auspicious flames rise.

Juno accepts our sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the altar, and the statue nods.]

3d. Priest. Again the sickly flame decaying dies:

Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

[The fire is again extinguished.]

Athamas *[apart]*. Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

Semele *[apart]*. Thee, Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

[A loud clap of thunder; the altar sinks.]

1st. Pr. Cease, cease your vows, 'tis impious to proceed;

Be gone, and fly this holy place with speed;

This dreadful conflict is of dire presage;

Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending rage.

[All but the Priests come forward. The scene closes on the Priests, and shews to view the front and outside of the temple. Cadmus leads off Semele. Attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.]

Ath. O Athamas, what torture hast thou borne!

And O, what hast thou yet to bear!

From love, from hope, from near possession torn,

And plung'd at once in deep despair.

Ino. Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,

And see a maid bemoan,

In flowing tears and sobbing sighs,

Thy woes, too like her own.

Athamas. She weeps!

The gentle maid, in tender pity,

Weeps to behold my misery!

So Semele would melt
To see another mourn.

*Such unavailing mercy is in beauty found,
Each nymph bemoans the smart
Of every bleeding heart,
But that where she herself inflicts the wound.*

Ino. Ah me, too much afflicted!

Atb. Can pity for another's pain
Cause such anxiety!

Ino. Couldst thou but guess
What I endure;
Or could I tell thee—

Thou, Athamas,
Wouldst for a while
Thy sorrows cease, a little cease,
And listen for a while
To my lamenting.

Atb. Of grief too sensible
I know your tender nature.
Well I remember,
When I oft have sued

To cold, disdainful Semele;
When I with scorn have been rejected;
Your tuneful voice my tale would tell,
In pity of my sad despair;

And, with sweet melody, compel
Attention from the flying fair.

Ino. Too well I see

Thou wilt not understand me.
Whence could proceed such tenderness?
Whence such compassion?
Insensible! Ingrate!—

Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by effects unknown before,
Who could the hidden cause explore?
Or think that love could act so strange a part,
To plead for pity in a rival's heart.

Atb. Ah me, what have I heard!

She does her passion own.

Ino. What, had I not despair'd,
You never should have known.

You've

You've undone me;

Look not on me;

Guilt upbraiding,

Shame invading;

Look not on me;

You've undone me.

Ath. *With my life, I would atone*

Pains you've borne, to me unknown

Cease, cease to shun me.

Ino. *Look not on me,*

You've undone me.

Ath. *Cease, cease to shun me:*

Love, love alone

Has both undone.

Ino and Ath. *Love, love alone*

Has both undone.

Enter Cadmus attended.

Cad. *Ah wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love!*

Ah me, of parents most forlorn!

Prepare, O Athamas to prove

The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne:

Prepare with me our common loss to mourn.

Ath. *Can fate, or Semele, invent*

Another, yet another punishment?

Cad. *Wing'd with our fears, and pious haste,*

From Juno's fane we fled;

Scarce we the brazen gates had pass'd,

When Semele around her head

With azure flames was grac'd,

Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd.

While this we saw with dread surprise,

Swifter than lightning downwards tending

An Eagle stoop'd, of mighty size,

On purple wings descending;

Like gold his beak, like stars shone forth his eyes,

His silver-plumy breast with snow contending:

Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,

And soaring from our sight convey'd;

Diffusing ever as he lessening flew

Celestial odour, and ambrosial dew.

Athamas, O prodigy, to me of dire portent!

Ino.

Ino. To me, I hope, of fortunate event.

Enter the Chief Priest, with Augurs and other Priests.

Cad. See, see, Jove's priests and holy augurs come:

Speak, speak, of Semele and me declare the doom.

1st. Aug. Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban king.

Cease your mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of mirth and triumph sing.

2d. Aug. Endless pleasure, endless love

Semele enjoys above;

On her bosom Jove reclining,

Useless now his thunder lies,

To her arms his bolts resigning,

And his lightning to her eyes.

Endless pleasure, endless love

Semele enjoys above.

1st. Priest. Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare

Once to the thunderer, once to the fair:

Jove and Semele implore:

Jove and Semele like honours share,

Whom Gods admire, let men adore;

Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare.

Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban king.

Cease your mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of mirth and triumph sing. [Exeunt omnes.]

The End of the First Act.

A C T II

SCENE a pleasant Country, the Prospect terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorned with Woods and Waterfalls. JUNO and IRIS descend in different Machines. JUNO in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks; IRIS on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.

Juno. IRIS, impatient of thy stay,
From Samos have I wing'd my way,

To

To meet thy slow return;
Thou know'st what cares infect
My anxious breast,

And how with rage and jealousy I burn;

Then why this long delay?

Iris. With all his speed not yet the sun

Thro' half his race has run,

Since I to execute thy dread command

Have thrice encompass'd seas and land.

Juno. Say, where is Semele's abode?

'Till that I know,

Tho' thou hadst on lightning rode,

Still thou tedious art and slow.

Iris. Look where Citheron proudly stands,

Bœotia parting from Cœropian lands,

High on the summit of that hill,

Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,

By Jove's command, and Vulcan's skill,

Behold a new-erected palace rise.

Thence from mortal cares retiring,

She resides in sweet retreat;

On her pleasures, Jove requiring,

All the Loves and Graces wait.

Thither Flora the fair

With her Train must repair

Her amorous Zephyr attending,

All her sweets she must bring

To continue the spring,

Which never must there know an ending.

Bright Aurora 'tis said,

From her old lover's bed

No more, the grey orient adorning,

For the future must rise

From fair Semele's eyes,

And wait till she wakes for the morning.

Juno. No more—I'll hear no more.

How long must I endure? —

How long with indignation burning,

From impious mortals

Bear this insolence!

Awake

Awake Saturnia from thy lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the curst adulteress.
 Scale proud Citheron's top:
 Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,
 And down, down to the flood of Acheron
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall!
 Rolling down the depths of night,
 Never more to behold the light.

If I am own'd above,

Sister and wife of Jove;

(Sister at least I sure may claim,

Tho' wife be a neglected name)

If I th' imperial sceptre sway—I swear

By hell——

Tremble thou universe this oath to hear,

Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare.

Iris. Hear, mighty queen, while I recount

What obstacles you must surmount;

With adamant the gates are barr'd,

Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard:

At each approach they lash their forky flings,

And clap their brazen wings:

And as their scaly horrors rise,

They all at once disclose

A thousand fiery eyes,

Which never know repose.

Juno. Hence Iris, hence away,

Far from the realms of day;

O'er Scythian hills to the Meotian lake

A speedy flight we'll take:

There, Somnus I'll compel

His downy bed to leave and silent cell:

With noise and light I will his peace molest,

Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,

Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,

And seals with sleep the wakeful dragon's eyes.

[*They ascend.*]

SCENE

SCENE an Apartment in the Palace of SEMELE;
She is sleeping; LOVES and ZEPHYRS waiting.

Cupid. See, after the toils of an amorous fight,
Where weary and pleased still panting she lies;
While yet in her mind she reaps the delight,
How sweet is the slumber that steals on her eyes!

Come Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,
Fan her with your silky wings;

New desire

I'll inspire,

And revive the dying flames;

Dance around her

While I wound her,

And with pleasure fill her dreams.

[A dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes and rises.

Sem. O sleep, why dost thou leave me?

Why thy visionary joys remove?

O sleep, again deceive me,

To my arms restore my wand'ring love.

Enter two LOVES leading JUPITER; while he meets and embraces SEMELE, CUPID sings.

Cupid. Sleep forsaking,

Seize him waking;

Love has sought him,

Back has brought him;

Mighty Jove tho' he be

And tho' love cannot see,

Yet by feeling about

He has found him out,

And has caught him.

Semele. Let me not another moment

Bear the pangs of absence,

Since you have form'd my soul for loving,

No more afflict me

With doubts and fears, and cruel jealousy.

Jupiter. Lay your doubts and fears aside,

And for joys alone provide;

Tho' this human form I wear,

Think not I man's falsehood bear.

You

You are mortal and require
Time to rest and to respire;
Nor was I absent,
Tho' a while withdrawn
To take petitions
From the needy world,
While Love was with thee
I was present;
Love and I are one.

Semele. *If cheerful hopes
And chilling fears
Alternate smiles
Alternate tears
Eager panting
Fond desiring,*

With gusts now fainting,

Now with bliss expiring;

If this be love, not you alone

But love and I are one.

Both. *If this be love, not you alone*

But love and I are one.

Semele. Ah me!

Jupiter. Why sighs my Semele?

What gentle sorrow

Swells thy soft bosom?

Why tremble those fair eyes

With interrupted light?

Where hovering for a vent,

Amidst their humid fires,

Some new-form'd wish appears.

Speak, and obtain,

Semele. At my own happiness.

I sigh and tremble;

Mortals whom gods affect

Have narrow limits set to life,

And cannot long be blest.

O, if they could——

A god may prove inconstant.

Jupiter. Beware of jealousy:

Had Jove not been jealous,

I ne'er had left Olympus;
Nor wander'd in my love;

Sem. With my frailty don't upbraid me;
I am woman as you made me.

Causeless doubting or despaining,

Rashly trusting, idly fearing,

If obtaining,

Still complaining;

If consenting,

Still repenting;

Most complying,

When denying,

And to be follow'd only flying.

With my frailty don't upbraid me;

I am woman as you made me.

Jupiter. Thy sex of Jove the master-piece;

Thou of thy sex art most exacting.

Frailty in thee is oftentimes

In thee perfection.

Giv'n to agitate the mind,

And keep awake men's passions;

To banish indolence,

And dull repose,

The foes of transport

And of pleasure.

Semele. Still I am mortal,

Still a woman;

And ever when you leave me,

Tho' compass'd round with deities

Of Loves and Graces;

A fear invades me,

And conscious of a nature

Far inferior

I seek for solitude

And shun society.

Jupiter [apart] Too well I read her meaning,

But must not understand her,

Aiming at immortality

With dangerous ambition,

She would dethrone Saturnia;

And

And reigning in my heart

Would reign in heav'n.

Lest the too much explain,

I must with speed amuse her,

It gives the lover double pain,

Who hears his nymph complain,

And hearing must refuse her.

Sem. Why do you cease to gaze upon me?

Why musing turn away?

Some other object

Seems more pleasing.

Jup. Thy needless fears remove,

My fairest, latest, only love.

By my command,

Now at this instant,

Two winged Zephyrs

From her downy bed

Thy much-lov'd Ino bear;

And both together

Waft her hither

Thro' the balmy air.

Semele. Shall I my sister see!

The dear companion

Of my tender years.

Jupiter. See she appears,

But sees not me;

For I am visible

Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,

And with welcomes greet her.

Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,

The seat of happy nymphs and swains,

There without the rage of jealousy they burn,

And taste the sweets of love without its pains. I [Exit.

SEMELE and INO meet and embrace. The SCENE is totally changed, and shews an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdesses enter. SEMELE and INO having entertained each other in dumb shew, sit and observe the rural Sports, which end the second Act.

End

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard. Then the Music changes to a different Movement.*

Enter JUNO and IRIS.

Juno. SOMNUS, awake,
Raise thy reclining head;

Iris. Thyself forsake,
And lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

Somnus. (*waking*) Leave me, loathsome light;
Receive me, silent night.

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring current cease?

O murmur, murmur me again to peace.

[Sinks down again.

Iris. Dull God, can'st thou attend the water's fall,
And not hear Saturnia call!

Juno. Peace, Iris, peace, I know how to charm him,
Pafithea's name alone can warm him.

Juno, Iris. Only love on sleep has pow'r;
O'er Gods and men

Tho' Somnus reign,

Love alternate has his hour.

Juno. Somnus, arise,
Disclose thy tender eyes;

For Pafithea's sight

Endure the light:

Somnus, arise.

Somnus (*rising*). More sweet is that name

Than a soft purling stream;

With pleasure repose I'll forsake,

If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.

Juno. My will obey.

She shall be thine.

Thou with thy softer pow'rs

First Jove shalt captivate.

To Morpheus then give order,
 Thy various minister,
 That with a dream in shape of Semelè,
 But far more beautiful,
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping Dèity;
 And more to agitate
 His kindling fire,
 Still let the phantom seem
 To fly before him,
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in defence;
 Unable to refuse whatever moves
 Her coyness shall require.

Somn. I tremble to comply.

Juno. To me thy leaden red reins,

To charm the bridle

On Mount Citheron;

Then cast a sleep on mortal Jove

That I may seem her form to wear,

When I to Semelè appear.

Obeys my will, thy nod resign,

And Pallas shall be thine.

Somn. All I must grant, for all is thine

To Raptures, love, and you.

Juno. Away let us haste,

Let neither hand rest,

Till the furnace of passion we prove;

Till of vengeance possess'd,

I doubly am bliss'd,

And thou art made happy in love.

[Exeunt Juno and Iris.]

[Somnus retires within his Cave; the Scene

changes to Semelè's Apartment.]

SEMELÈ (alone.)

Sem. I love, and am lov'd, yet more I desire;

Ab, how foolish a thing is passion!

As one passion cools, some other takes fire,

And I'm still in a longing condition.

Whatever I possess

Soon seems an excess,

For

S E M E L E.

For something untry'd I petition;

Tho' daily I prove

The pleasures of love,

I die for the joys of ambition.

Enter JUNO as IRO, with a Mirror in her Hand.

Juno (apart.) Thus shaped like Iro,

With ease I shall deceive her,

And in this mirror she shall see

Herself as much transform'd as me.

Do I some Goddess feel

Or is it Semele?

[Sings.]

Semele. Dear sister, speak,

Whence this astonishment?

Juno. Your charms improving

To divine perfection,

Shew you were late admitted

Amongst celestial beauties.

Has Jove consented?

And are you made immortal?

Semele. Ah no, I still am mortal,

Not am I sensible

Of any change, or new perfection.

Juno. (giving her the glass) Behold in this mirror

Whence comes my surprise;

Such lustre and colour

Unite in your eyes,

That none cannot see in a riddle's disguise;

'Tis unsafe for the sense, and too slippery for sight.

Semele. (looking in the glass) O vestals of happiness!

Celestial graces

I discover in each feature!

Myself I shall adore,

If I persist in gazing;

No object sure before

Was ever half so pleasing.

How did that glance become me!

But take this flatter'ing mirror from me!

Yet once again let me view me.

Oh charming all o'er!

[Offering the glass, withdraws her hand again.

Here

Here—hold, I'll have one look more,
Tho' that look, I were sure, would undo me.

Juno. (taking the } Be wise as you are beautiful,
glass from her) }
Nor lose this opportunity.

When Jove appears,
All ardent with desire,
Refuse his proffer'd flame,
Till you obtain a boon without a name.

Semele. Can that avail me?

Juno. Unknowning your intent,
And eager for possessing,
He unawares will grant
The nameless blessing.

But bind him by the Stygian lake,
Lest, lover-like, his word he break.

Semele. But how shall I attain
To immortality?

Juno. Conjure him by his oath
Not to approach your bed
In likeness of a mortal,
But like himself, the mighty thunderer,
In pomp of majesty,
And heav'nly attire;

As when he proud Saturnia charms,

And with ineffable delights

Fills her encircling arms,

And pays the nuptial rites.

By this conjunction

With entire divinity,

You shall partake of heav'nly essence,

And thenceforth leave this mortal state

To reign above,

Ador'd by Jove,

In spite of jealous Juno's hate.

Semele. Thus let my thanks be paid,

Thus let my arms embrace thee,

And when I'm a Goddess made,

With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

Juno. Rich odours fill the fragrant air,

And Jove's approach declare,

I must retire—

Semele

Semele. Adieu—Your counsel I'll pursue.

Juno [apart.] And sure destruction will ensue.

Vain wretched fool—[*To her*] Adieu, [*Exit.*]

JUPITER enters, offers to embrace *SEMELE*; who looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

Jupiter. Come to my arms, my lovely fair,
Sooth my uneasy care:

In my dream late I woo'd thee,

And in vain I pursu'd thee,

For you fled from my pray'r,

And bid me despair.

Come to my arms, my lovely fair.

Semele. Tho' 'tis easy to please ye,

And hard to deny;

Tho' possessing's a blessing

For which I could die,

I dare not, I cannot comply.

Jupiter. When I languish with anguish,

And tenderly sigh,

Can you leave me, deceive me,

And scornfully fly?

Ab, fear not; you must not deny.

Sem. Jup. I dare not, I cannot comply.

Ab, fear not; you must not deny.

Jupiter. O *Semele*,

Why art thou thus insensible?

Were I a mortal,

Thy barbarous disdaining

Would surely end me,

And death at my complaining

In pity would befriend me.

Semele. I ever am granting,

You always complain;

I always am wanting,

Yet never obtain.

Jupiter. Speak, speak your desire,

I'm all over fire,

Say what you require,

I'll grant it—now let us retire.

Semele. Swear by the Stygian lake.

Jupiter. By that tremendous Hood I swear,
Ye Stygian waters hear,
And thou Olympus shake,
In witness to the oath I take.

[Thunder at a distance, and underneath.]

Semele. You'll grant what I require.

Jupiter. I'll grant what you require.

Semele. Then cast off this human shape which you wear,
And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear,
When next you desire I should charm ye.

As when Juno you blest,

So you me must carest,

And with all your omnipotence arm ye.

Jupiter. Ah! take heed what you press,

For beyond all redress,

Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye:

Semele. I'll be pleas'd with no less,

Than my wish in excess;

Let the oath you have taken alarm ye:

Haste, haste, and prepare,

For I'll know what you are;

So with all your omnipotence arm ye.

She withdraws, JUPITER remains pensive and dejected.

Jup. Ah! whither is she gone! unhappy fair!
Why did she wish?—Why did I rashly swear?

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

Anon, when I appear

The mighty thunderer,

Arm'd with inevitable fire,

She needs must instantly expire.

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

My softest lightning yet I'll try,

And mildest melting bolt apply:

In vain—for she was fram'd to prove

None but the lambent flames of love.

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall.

[Exit.]

JUNO

S E M E L E.

JUNO appears in her Chariot ascending.

Juno.

*Above measure
Is the pleasure
Which my revenge supplies.
Love's a bubble
Gain'd with trouble,
And in possessing dies.*

*With what joy shall I mount to my heaven again,
At once from my rival and jealousy freed!
The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,
And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed!*

[She ascends.]

The SCENE opening discovers SEMELE lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively. While a mournful Symphony is playing, she looks up and sees JUPITER descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the air.

Semele.

*Ah me! too late I now repent
My pride and impious vanity.
He comes! far off his lightnings scorch me.
—I feel my life consuming:
I burn, I burn—I faint—for pity I implore—
O help, O help—I can no more.* [Dies.]

As the Cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the Canopy of Semele, a sudden and great flash of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Instant Semele with the Palace and the whole present Scene disappears, and Jupiter re-ascends swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents a pleasant Country, Mount Citheron closing the Prospect.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS, and INO.

Ino.

*Of my ill-boding dream
Behold the dire event.*

Cad. Ath. O terror and astonishment!

Ino.

*How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long has trance with-held me.
But Hermes in a vision told me*

(As

(As I have now related)

The fate of Semele;

And added, as from me he fled,

That Jove ordain'd I Athamas should wed.

Cadmus. Be Jove in ey'ry thing obey'd.

[Joins their hands.

Atb. Unworthy of your charms myself I yield;

Be Jove's commands and yours fulfill'd.

Cad. See from above the bellying clouds descend,

And big with some new wonder this way tend.

*A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron,
which opening, discovers APOLLO seated in it as the
God of Prophecy.*

Apollo. Apollo comes to relieve your care,

And future happiness declare.

From tyrannous Love all your sorrows proceed,

From tyrannous Love you shall quickly be freed.

From Semele's ashes a phoenix shall rise,

The joy of this earth, and delight of the skies:

A god he shall prove

More mighty than Love,

And a sovereign juice shall invent,

Which antidote pure

The sick lover shall cure,

And sighing and sorrow for ever prevent.

Then mortals be merry, and scorn the blind boy;

Your hearts from his arrows strong wine shall defend:

Each day and each night you shall revel in joy,

For when Bacchus is born, Love's reign's at an end.

CHORUS.

Then mortals be merry, &c.

DANCE OF SATYRS.

[Exeunt omnes.

P O E M S
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

—Minuentur atra
Carminē curæ.

Hon.

P. O. F. M. S.

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

His

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

TO you, my Lord, my muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you, the first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams;
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove,
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet, she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach, with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
 And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
 Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,
 And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, sev'n states divide,
 But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
 Had we the patriot in the poet lost.
 A true poetick state we had deplor'd,
 Had not your ministry our coin restor'd,

But still, my Lord, tho' your exalted name
 Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
 Tho' your ambition ends in publick good
 (A virtue lineal to your house and blood):
 Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
 Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.
 How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
 By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd!
 If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
 But honours which from verse their source derive,
 Shall both surmount detraction, and survive:
 And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
 If not the greatest, the most lasting name,

W. CONGREVE.

THE

THE
MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS:

PASTORAL;

LAMENTING THE
DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

Men. **B**EHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where, no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night, excludes the day;
Where, never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here, baleful eugh with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss,
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

Alex. Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain,
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;

Or melting words, and moving numbers choose,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in mournful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice (secure of skill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murmur'ing stream should tell,
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

Men. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs; but words explaining sighs, lament.

Alex. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes, in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my muse, to weep and mourn,
Thy springing laurels, all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,
Begone, Thalia, sorrow is my muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

No more these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
 Nor with her feet, these flow'ry plains be press'd;
 No more, the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
 No more, these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
 While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have stood,
 Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more, the nymphs shall with lost tales delight
 Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;
 Lost is that day, which had from her its light;
 For ever lost with her, in endless night;
 In endless night, and arms of death she lies,
 Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched swains,
 Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains,
 Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye crystal floods,
 Fade all ye flow'rs, and wither all ye woods.

I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn;

And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;
 The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,
 Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
 Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn!
 For never will you let the nymph return!
 With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
 And, like the crocodile, its prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair in face and mind!
 Never in nature were such beauties join'd:
 Without, all shining, and within, all white;
 Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
 Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
 And opening, is with sweetest odours fill'd.
 As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
 So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed:
 To which excelling height, she bore a mind
 Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.
 Thus excellent she was—

Ah wretched fate! She was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore,

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise;
Let Myrrha weeping aromattick gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.
Thither, let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
Thither, let Fairies, with their train, resort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight sport,
There, in unusual wailings, waste the night,
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There, may no dismal eugh, nor cypress grow,
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimick moan, deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air:
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills,
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.

The

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the Groves,
And round the plain in sad distractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails, themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the

Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak [ground,
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.

See Pales weeping too in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;

See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waste:

Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;

His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;

Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,

With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.

All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;

The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.

But oh! behold that wild and deep despair,
Which neither winds can shew, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,

Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;

To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!

No

No more! For those once soft and circling arms
 Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms.
 Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
 And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
 On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
 He us'd, in balmy sleep, to lose the nights.
 Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
 Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
 To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!
 And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
 Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
 Than wildest wolves, or savage tigers are;
 With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
 But rav'nous death the shepherdesse has seiz'd.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
 "With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight;
 "And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
 "Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
 "While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
 "Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends!
 "On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as light
 "Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light;
 "Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
 "And fixing there, a glorious star remains.

*Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
 As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.*

To the KING,
On the Taking of NAMUR.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Præsentî tibi maturos largimur honores:

Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

OF arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untried string:
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
O pow'r unseen! by whose resistless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course:
For fancy, wild and pathless ways will choose,
Which judgment rarely, or with pain, pursues;
Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroick deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
The list'ning world each whisper will befriend
That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend.
The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around;
And catch, and waft to foreign lands the flying sound.
Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;

High

High as the head of Fame; Fame, whose exalted size
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies * :

A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;

Hourly she stalks, with huge gigantick pace,
Meas'ring the globe, like time, with constant race :

Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise :
Of him, her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change astonishing my eyes !

And all around, behold, new objects rise !

What forms are these I see ? and whence ?

Beings substantial ? or does air condense,
To clothe in visionary shape my various thought ?

Are these by fancy wrought !

Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense !

O sacred poetry ! O boundless power ! [explore !]

What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds,

Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide-circling sky,
What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye !

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,

And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade ;

A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,

Stood feeding by ; while two fierce bulls prepar'd

Their armed heads for fight ; by fate of war, to
prove

The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.

Unthought presage, of what met next my view !

For soon the shady scene withdrew.

And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs ;
Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty

[tow'rs !]

Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd :

With eager eyes, beholding both from far,

Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

V. Now,

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does ev'ry chief and soldier's heart inflame.
 Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare:
 For fortune had, with partial hand, before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
 High on a rock the mighty fortrels stands,
 Founded by fate, and wrought by nature's hands.
 A wond'rous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs, that strike the sight with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
 To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,
 (And great is human force and wit in ill)
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side, wide-gaping engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful, does the face of adverse pow'r appear;
 But British forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the storm begin!
 The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,
 Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din
 Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms. [bound,
 Clamours from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth re,
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And Echo lost in one continued sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulfs of Tartarus disgorge,
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge; [broke,
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that
 Redd'ning with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder sweat,
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd!

With

With face serene, dispensing dread commands;
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd,
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiss harmless by:
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r to assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
And now, with desp'rate force, and fresh attack,
Thro' obvious deaths, resistless way they make;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of earth did heav'n aspire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown, [ment!
With threatening hurl, that shook th' æthereal Firmam-
Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create;
Ev'n Jove desponding fate,
'Till Mars with all his force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole War on the rebellious brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' Empyrean skies,
O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.
Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal force be-
IX. [low.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.

Thre^d

Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice;
 The skies with acclamations ring;
 Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
 And rocks reflected los sing;
 Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,
 Heroick harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late tormented air.
 Far is the sound of martial music spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host,
 Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm survey'd;
 But they with wonder, or with awe dismay'd,
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost.
 William, their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
 Such wond'rous charms can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe;
 Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
 Or more heroic was the deed;
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Than was Namur; till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my muse, from thy too-daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
 For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
 More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To Him who sung the Boyne; or Him to whom he sung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Horat.

DESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspire
 Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.
 Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;
 Say, from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
 Which, from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
 At once the rivals started to the race:
 And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
 Or both to all eternity contend,
 One to preserve what t' other cannot save,
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
 For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung;
 For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
 In thee their various fires united shine,
 Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,
 Whose nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
 Thy song of right does first to Jove belong:
 For thou thyself art of celestial feed,
 Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
 When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
 And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;

Vicissitude

Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall were destin'd by the fates.
Then Time had first a name ; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give, to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet-unparted day and night ;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule, to Time the fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign ;
For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good foe'er and grateful in his fight)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good, nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet, the loosen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung,
Nor yet, did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silyer Cynthia's horn ;
Nor yet, had Time commission to begin,
Or fate the many-twisted web to spin ;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame ;
Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,
Once more his eyes on Time intente look,
Again, inspect fate's universal book.
Abroad the wond'rous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where nature's bloom presents the golden age.

The

The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
 And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly shines.
 Of baser bräfs, the next denotes the times,
 An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
 The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
 And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
 Then all the kingly line his eye pursues;
 The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,
 Who under him should govern human-kind.
 Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
 In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
 Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
 And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
 When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
 And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
 The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:
 Together all in common ruins lie,
 And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
 To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
 And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
 Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
 Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
 And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
 But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
 And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
 Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
 But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
 The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
 And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
 Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
 And rising heroes still the search attend.
 Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
 When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
 And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
 For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
 And fates propitious bleis the beauteous isle;

To worlds remote, she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of Heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd, no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:

Conscious, she seeks from day to throw her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again, shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey;
Again, thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name;

144 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
 And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
 Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
 Already routed foes his fury feel,
 And fly the force of his unerring steel.
 The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
 A matchless sword, and unresisted host,
 At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
 His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
 His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
 And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
 A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
 Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
 Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
 And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
 So from the radiant sun retires the night,
 And western clouds shot thro' with orient light.
 So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
 To all the warring winds at once gives way,
 The frantick brethren ravage all around,
 And rocks, and woods, and shores their rage resound;
 Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
 The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
 But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
 His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
 The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
 And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
 Where, Heav'n serene, and air unmov'd appears.
 The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
 And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
 The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
 And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
 The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze,
 With fragrant breath, murmurs thro' the trees.
 The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
 In wanton measures, wing their airy flight.
 Above the floods, the finny race repair,
 And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
 They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
 And seem to skim the level of the streams.

Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway, will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen, the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But, like the sun, the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have pow'r!
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave, for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?

245 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves, refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes.
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair bespoke.

"To thee, immortal Maid, from this bless'd hour,
"O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded pow'r.
"Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
"Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the brave.
"To thee, the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;
"To thee, the Casars their eternal name.
"Eliza, sung by thee, with fate shall strive,
"And, long as Time, in sacred verse survive.
"And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
"The first of men, mature for endless fame,
"Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
"Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
"On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
"Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
"Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;
"And he, thro' them, shall deathless fame acquire:
"Nor Time, nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
"Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows."

This said; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host,
Again impatient, crowd the crystal coast.
The father, now, within his spacious hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;

And

And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace;
And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-sick maids, and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wond'rous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sov'reign force to soften cares;
And this through ev'ry ear she can impart,
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystick sounds,
Cements the bleeding panther's wounds.

G 2 But

148 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But ah ! beware of clam'rous moan ;
 Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
 Your slighted loves declare :
 Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
 And let all fancy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! Silence himself is here ;
 Methinks I see the midnight god appear.
 In all his downy pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend shade :
 An ancient sigh he fits upon,
 Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his throne :
 Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
 A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
 Stol'n from a lover in despair,
 Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid folds his visionary shape.
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs :
 While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And Silence now is drown'd
 In ecstasy of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd !
 And ev'ry soul with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heav'nly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care,
 Descending angels cull the thinnest air !
 Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song ;

Leave

Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly;
 Your loss of heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
 While others sit around her mouth, and sip
 Sweet hallelujahs from her lip.
 Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
 For ne'er before did angels taste
 So exquisite a feast,
 Of musick and of love.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
 Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
 And with her voice in chorus join;
 Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
 Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
 To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
 Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

P R I A M's

LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO

A C H I L L E S,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, *Iliad. 9.*

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦν ἄρα φωνήεν· ἄνθρωπος ὅς ποτ' ἦν Ὀδυσσεύς
Ἑκτοῖος·

Argument introductory to this Translation,

Hector's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles's tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot, unobserved, through the

the guards, and to the door of Achilles's tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a God, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

SO spake the God, and heav'nward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With solemn pace into Achilles' tent.

Heedless, he pass'd thro' various rooms of state,
Until approaching where the hero sat;
There at a feast, the good old Priam found
Jove's best-belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the rest
At greater distance, greater state express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,
And first of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
And agonizing grasp'd and held 'em fast;
Then caught his hand, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,
Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And seeking refuge, does from justice run,
Ent'ring some house, in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on;
So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see
The godlike Priam's royal misery;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

"Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
"A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old;
"Think on your father, and then look on me,
"His hoary age and helpless person see;
"So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
"Such and so many his declining years;

152 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

" Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
 " Could you imagine such, his misery !
 " Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
 " And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste ;
 " Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
 " Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
 " Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
 " And seek protection, where no help is nigh.
 " In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
 " And wish in vain for your delay'd return ;
 " Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief ;
 " Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief ;
 " It glads his soul to think, he once may see
 " His much-lov'd son ; would that were granted me !
 " But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !
 " Of all my worthy sons, how few are left !
 " Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
 " When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast :
 " Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
 " Are now, alas ! a mournful tribute to one tomb,
 " Merciless war this devastation wrought,
 " And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
 " Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
 " My age's comfort and his country's prop ;
 " Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
 " Whose life alone their deaths could recompense ;
 " And, to complete my store of countless woe,
 " Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too !
 " For his sake only, hither am I come ;
 " Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum ;
 " All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
 " A worthless ransom for so brave a son.
 " Fear the just gods, Achilles ; and on me
 " With pity look, think you your father see ;
 " Such as I am, he is ; alone in this,
 " I can no equal have in miseries ;
 " Of all mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
 " Bow'd with such weight, as never has been borne ;
 " Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 " The spring and source of all my sorrows come ;
 " With

“ With gifts, to court mine and my country’s bane,
 “ And kiss those hands which have my children slain.”
 He spake.——

Now, sadness o’er Achilles’ face appears,
 Priam he views, and for his father fears;
 That, and compassion melt him into tears.
 Then, gently with his hand he put away
 Old Priam’s face; but he still prostrate lay,
 And there with tears, and sighs, afresh begun
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
 But passion diff’rent ways Achilles turns,
 Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns:
 Thus both with lamentations fill’d the place,
 Till sorrow seem’d to wear one common face.

154
THE
LAMENTATIONS

OF
HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE

DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Translated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, *Iliad. v.*

Beginning at this Line,

Ἡὸς δὲ προέειπε καὶ ἰκιδνατο πᾶσαν ἱερὰν αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his Son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the saffron morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence, she afar the sad procession spies:

Her

Her father and Idæus first appear,
 Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier;
 At which, her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And, thus lamenting, thro' the street she ran:
 "Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
 "Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
 "If e'er you went with joy, to see him come
 "Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
 "Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
 "What once was all your joy, now all your misery!"

She spake, and strait the num'rous crowd obey'd,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the city stay'd;
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one,
 With clam'rous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
 Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.
 His rev'rend mother, and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
 Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of people stop'd the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day;
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
 "Trojans, enough; truce with your sorrows make;
 "Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
 "First let me bear my Hector's body home,
 "Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
 Yielding, like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
 With care the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
 Who wept and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
 Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
 Of universal mournful harmony,
 When first Andromache her passion broke,
 And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S *Lamentation.*

O my lost husband ! let me ever mourn
 Thy early fate, and too-untimely urn :
 In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
 And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
 Why is my heart thus miserably torn !
 Why am I thus distress'd ! why thus forlorn !
 Am I that wretched thing, a widow left ?
 Why do I live, who am of thee bereft !
 Yet I were blest, were I alone undone ;
 Alas, my child ! where can an infant run ?
 Unhappy orphan ! thou in woes art nurs'd ;
 Why were you born ?—I am with blessings curs'd !
 For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
 Wide desolation will lay waste this town :
 Who is there now that can protection give,
 Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live ?
 Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care ?
 Who save her children from the rage of war ?
 For he to all father and husband was,
 And all are orphans now, and widows by his loss.
 Soon will the Grecians, now, insulting come,
 And bear us captives to their distant home ;
 I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
 And all alike be pris'ners of the war ;
 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
 Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
 Or for an only son, or father kill'd
 By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage ;
 For many fell by his relentless hand,
 Biting that ground, with which their blood was stain'd.
 Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
 And never did his foe in battle spare ;
 Thence come these suff'rings, which so much have cost,
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
 I saw him not, when in the pangs of death,
 Nor did my lips receive his latest breath ;

Why

Why held he not to me his dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his last command?
 Something he would have said had I been there,
 Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
 For I could never, never words forget,
 Which night and day I should with tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
 Then, Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,
 Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
 A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S Lamentation.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
 Than all my other num'rous issue were;
 O my last comfort, and my best belov'd!
 Thou, at whose fall, ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
 And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
 So far thou wert high heav'n's peculiar care!
 From fierce Achilles' chains thy corse was freed;
 So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
 My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
 Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
 Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
 And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
 His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
 And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
 Since all could not restore his life again.
 Now fresh and glowing, even in death thou art,
 And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
 And universal moan again was made;
 When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S Lamentation.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
 No Brother there had half so large a part!
 Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
 Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;

Since

Since I with godlike Paris fled from home;
 (Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
 In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
 I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
 Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 Which I too often have from others borne.
 But you from their reproach still set me free,
 And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty.
 If by my sisters, or the queen revil'd,
 (For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
 Your kindness still has all my grief beguill'd,
 Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
 Who had no friend alive, but you alone:
 All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
 And fly with horror from my hated face.
 This said, she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd;
 And with a gen'ral sigh her grief approv'd,
 When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
 Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.
 " Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
 " And fell down trees to build a fun'ral pile;
 " Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
 " For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.
 He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
 Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
 Forth from the city all the people went,
 And nine days space was in that labour spent;
 The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
 And on the top the manly Hector laid,
 Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
 Beheld the rolling flames and smoak arise.
 All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
 But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
 About the pile the thronging people came,
 And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
 His brothers then and friends search'd ev'ry where,
 And gath'ring up his snowy bones with care,
 Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
 Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 159

In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd,
Mean time, strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater sava Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit Love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glyceria I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return.
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyness warms;
And with a grateful sullenness she charms:
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays,
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus

Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
 Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high import:
 And what's of high import but love?
 Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
 With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd;
 After our sacrifice and prayer,
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

S T A N Z A S

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

*Eben Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

I

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
 This pious artifice.
 Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
 One moment tow'rd eternity.
 Eternity! that boundless race,
 Which Time himself can never run,
 (Swift, as he flies, with an unwearied pace)
 Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.
 Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
 A short extent to the most lasting breath;
 And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,
 'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
 One supernumerary gasp from death.

II. 1a

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r ;
 Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
 Where piety itself can nought avail.
 The rich, the great, the innocent and just,
 Must all be huddled to the grave,
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions, and regret to die :
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free :
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my friend ;
 (The very hour thou now doth spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost :
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcass of its lord.
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,
 Nought shalt thou save ;
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
 To wither with thee in the grave :
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

IV. Then

164 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get;
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold:
That precious wine condemn'd by thee,
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free;
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again shall rise,
Again its sparkling surface flow,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Videri ut alio, &c.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth;
A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky:

Trembling,

Trembling, the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink, till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of heaven still for me:
Those winds, which rend the oaks and plow the seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present moment's all our store:
The next, should heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant Now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won:
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly;

The

164 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in soft delights :
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.
To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if y^e are rude ;
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd :
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her ;
But when I strove most my great passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter :

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover ;

But

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 165

But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia be kind then; and since your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

O D E.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.

RECI.

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
 And sparking inclination.
 Like Citherea smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

*How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care?
 And what joy the nymph's appearing,
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring,
 By contriving kind delays;
 And advancing, or retiring,
 All they mean is more to please.*

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he
 proves,
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
 In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 And think on hours that will no more return!
 Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
 Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG

SONG in DIALOGUE,
For TWO WOMEN.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
I Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting:
 2. And both will rive with often tasting,
- When they find the bliss not lasting.
1. Love is complete in kind possessing.
 2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing,

CHORUS of BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire:
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That Cloe's false and common:
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps

168 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd;
When angry, thus the god reply'd:
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease fond mortal to implore,
For Love, Love himself's no more.

S O N G.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles:
No wretches are so lost as they,
Whom much security beguiles.

S O N G.

I.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With

II.

With light united, day they give,
 But different fates ere night fulfil:
 How many by his warmth will live!
 How many will her coldness kill!

*Occasioned by a LADY's having writ VERSES in Com-
 mendation of a POEM which was written in Praise of
 another LADY.*

HARD is the task, and bold th' advent'rous flight,
 Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write:
 For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
 And he, who praising beauty, does no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his song:
 But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
 And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
 His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
 Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

E P I G R A M.

*Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT,
 under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so blest with skill divine?
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

VOL. II.

H

Would

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

A.

H Y M N T O H A R M O N Y,

IN HONOUR OF

ST. C E C I L I A's D A Y, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN EGGELES.

I.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.

All hail to thee,

All pow'rful Harmony!

Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wond'rous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

C H O R U S.

All hail to thee,

All pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound,
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head,
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heav'n and earth;

Then

Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never ceasing, never silent choir.

CHORUS.

*Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first couldst tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heav'nly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.

When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,

Thou didst the God inspire;

When first the vocal shell he strung,

To which the Muses sung:

[play'd,

Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains Apollo

And music first began by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings!

Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!

And see, the list'ning deities around

Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings!

Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!

And see, the list'ning deities around

Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heav'nly fair!

To the relief of this afflicted world repair;

See how with various woes oppress'd,

The wretched race of men is worn;

Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,

Or by conflicting passions torn.

Reason in vain employs her aid,

The furious will on fancy waits;

While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,

Too late advances, or too soon retreats.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind

The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

C H O R U S.

*Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In ev'ry breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

C H O R U S.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.*

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing!
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fives are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

*War with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.*

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes
 Her parting lover mourn ;
 She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
 And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
 Bewailing past delights
 That may no more, no never more return.
 O sooth her cares
 With softest, sweetest airs,
 Till victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

*Let victory and peace restore
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
 Within her folding arms to rest,
 Thence never to be parted more,
 No never to be parted more.*

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair !
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere ;
 Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care,
 Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd !
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies ;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

*Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd,
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal musick never dies.*

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of
GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, intituled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live, so much to know?
Eor so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And

And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
 At all that study, or that time can teach.
 But to what height must his amazement rise!
 When having read the work, he turns his eyes
 Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
 And there the beauty, sex, and tender age
 Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
 Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
 When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
 And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
 Some heav'nly minister we strait conclude,
 Some angel-mind with female form endu'd,
 To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
 (Where no perfection can be permanent)
 And having left her bright example here,
 Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
 Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
 She sings, amid the choir of seraphims;
 Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,
 Where she, the blest intelligence, presides;
 Is not for us to know who here remain;
 For 'twere as impious to inquire, as vain:
 And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
 Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of Stanton Harcourt,
Esq. and ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
 Father and son, together laid;
 Whose living virtues shall remain,
 When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
 What man should be, to ripeness grown,
 And finish'd worth should do, or shun,
 At full was in the father shown;
 What youth could promise, in the son.

H 4.

But

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd
 The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud :
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

To Mr. D R Y D E N,

On his Translation of

P E R S I U S.

AS when of old heroic story tells
 Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
 Till future time the destin'd hero send,
 By whom the dire enchantment is to end :
 Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
 Thou great revealer of dark poesy.

Those sullen clouds, which have, for ages past,
 O'er Persius' too-long suff'ring muse been cast,
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
 And, in their room, bright tracts of light are seen.
 Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
 The god of music, and poetick fires :
 Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light ?
 How dawns this day forth from the womb of night ?

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
 Vainly contemning what we did not know :
 So, unbelievers impiously despise
 The sacred oracles, in mysteries.
 Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
 Unless, what to antiquity is paid ;
 But like apocrypha, with scruple read,
 (So far, our ignorance our faith misled)
 Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
 To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's face,
 For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
 So your bright image, which we here behold,
 Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
 To you, we all this following treasure owe,
 This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old stoick virtue, clad in rugged lines,
 Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
 And as before, for Persius, our esteem
 To his antiquity was paid, not him:
 So now, whatever praise from us is due,
 Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
 For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
 Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
 Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
 But thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire,
 Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH
SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The Poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates, and quality. He shews us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclination to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

IF noble (1) Atticus make splendid feasts;
 And with expensive food indulge his guests;
 His wealth and quality support the treat:
 Nor is it luxury in him, but state.
 But when poor (2) Rutilus spends all he's worth,
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
 'Tis downright madness: for what greater jests,
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
 And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
 Able for arms, and for his country's good;
 Urg'd (3) by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
 But following his own inglorious choice:
 'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
 That end debasing for which arms were made:
 Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
 But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
 Many there are of the same (4) wretched kind,
 Whom their despairing creditors may find
 Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
 Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
 But that one brutal reason why they live.
 And yet what's more ridiculous: of these,
 The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
 And he whose thin transparent rags declare
 How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
 Would ransack ev'ry element for choice.
 Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price;
 If brought from far, it very dear has cost;
 It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
 And he devours it with a greater g^ost.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives;
 And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
 Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
 He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.
 Nothing of silver, or of gold he spares,
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;

The broken (5) relic he with speed devours,
 As he would all the rest of's ancestors,
 If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
 Fencers, for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a plenteous feast:
 The question is, at whose expence 'tis drest.
 In great (6) Ventidius we the bounty prize;
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.
 Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows
 How far yond' mount above this mole-hill shows,
 Should not perceive a difference as great,
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From heav'n to mortals sure that rule was sent,
 Of Know thyself, and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courses which we steer.
 Pherites, (7) tho' the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak:
 When scarce (8) Ulysses had a good pretence,
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
 For harmony of words and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
 To which necessity confines thy price.
 Well may they fear some miserable end,
 Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
 Both land and stock, int'rest and principal:
 Well may they fear, at length, vile (9) Pollio's fate,
 Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;

And

And tho' a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stand,
 Begging an alms, with undistinguish'd hands.
 Sure sudden death to such should welcome be
 On whom each added year heaps misery,
 Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
 But there are steps in villainy, which these
 Observe to tread and follow by degrees:
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
 But that and their small stock of credit gone,
 Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run:
 For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,
 Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
 From crowds, and noise, and business to retreat.
 One only grief such fugitives can find,
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth;
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with (10) Astræa gone, not to return.

This day, my (11) Perfidus, thou shalt perceive:
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
 Or else, an unsuspected glutton live;
 If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormandize.
 Evander's (12) feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see;
 The poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
 Alcides (13) and Æneas both to me.
 Mean time, I send you now your bill of fare;
 Be not surpris'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:
 For nothing from the stables I provide,
 But from my own small farm the tend'rest kid,
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment, but from the teat;
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.

Next

Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid,
 The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest;
 Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
 Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
 Mixt with the Syrian, and the Signian pear,
 Mellow'd by winter from their cruder juice,
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
 Accounted riot in a Senator:

When the good (14) Curius thought it no disgrace;
 With his own hands a few small herbs to dress;
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
 Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
 For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
 The well-dress'd (15) paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
 A salt, dry fitch of bacon to prepare:
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
 Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd.
 If (16) aught was left of what they sacrific'd,
 To entertainments of this kind would come
 The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
 Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
 But those who had at least thrice (17) Consuls been;
 Or the (18) Dictator's office had discharg'd,
 And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
 Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might command.
 Then might y^e have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed (19) hour, to such a feast;
 His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
 And vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay;
 Our (20) Censors then were subject to the law,
For a pow'r itself of justice stood in awe.

It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his (21) bed,
 That he at vast expence might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in (22) Gracian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;
 If cups of silver, or of gold be brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman wolf suckling the (23) twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
 As threat'ning death to each resisting foe.
 No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
 No side-boards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food.
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heav'n unwearied then did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
And would have still been bounteous, as of old;
Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
 His golden (24) statues hence the god have driv'n:
 For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n.
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;

But

184 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your ven'son's rank, or (25) ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of (26) ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' the elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsav'ry *haut-gout* from the haist.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat:
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sew'rs, nor dext'rous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful (27) Trypherus are taught:
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my (28) Ganymede;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.

No beauteous boys I keep, from (29) Phrygia brought,
 No catamites, by shameful pandars taught:
 Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
 Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
 With honest faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair.
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.

Of country swains they both were born, and one
 My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son;
 A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
 And innocence unartful in his face:
 Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
 His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
 And with his eyes look wishes to return.
 Longing to see his tender kids again,
 And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain.
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
 This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
 With wine from his own country brought, and made
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With am'rous songs and (30) wanton dances grac'd;
 When sprightly females to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
 Such fights the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
 Virtue (31) would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold;
 A needful help, to make 'em both approve
 The dry embraces of long-wedded love.

In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
 But she, who by her sex's charter must
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
 But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great.
 Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation would refuse.
 But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
 What's vice in me, is only mirth in him;
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
 T' afford you pleasures of another kind:
 Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
 And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read;
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
 Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.
 From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
 Be free, be all uneasy passions still.
 What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
 Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
 And having quench'd her flame, come breathless home.

Fleck'd

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
 Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
 You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.
 Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
 At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
 The wife's adult'ry, with the servants theft;
 And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
 Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
 While (32) Megalensian shows are in the (33) Circus
 seen:

There (to the bane of horses) in high state
 The (34) Prætor sits on a triumphal seat;
 Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
 This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
 Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
 To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the cry—"away, away,
 "The (35) green have won the honour of the day."

Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
 For that would now a cause of (36) sorrow yield,
 Great as the loss of (37) Cannæ's fatal field.
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
 Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
 And live this day devoted to our ease.
 Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
 Nor need we now the common (38) censure fear:

On festivals it is allow'd no crime
 To bathe and eat before the usual time ;
 But that continued, would a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a week together live ;
 For frequent use would the delight exclude :
Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.

EXPLANATORY NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

(1) **A**TTICUS. *The name of a very eminent person in Rome : but here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.*

(2) RUTILUS. *One who, by his own extravagant gluttony, was at length reduced to the most shameful degree of poverty. This likewise is here made use of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consumed.*

(3) Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice. *Sometimes persons were compelled, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage for his inhuman diversion ; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemned malefactors were so employed : which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own extravagance for a livelihood (like Rutilus) applied himself to that wretched trade.*

Restrain'd by no advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to such a practice of fencing ; yet it was a shame that he was suffered to undertake it, and not advised or commanded by the magistracy to the contrary.

(4) Of the same wretched kind, viz.
Reduced to poverty by riotous living.

(5) The broken relic.

Broken or defaced ; that it might not be discovered to be his mother's picture, when exposed to sale.

(6) VENTIDIUS. *A noble Roman, who lived hospitably.*

(7) *Then*

(7) *Thersites.* An impudent, deformed, ill-tongued fellow (as Homer describes him, *Iliad* 2.) who accompanied the Grecian army to the siege of Troy; where he took a privilege often to rail and snarl at the commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his sauciness, killed him with a blow of his fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal here as relating a matter of fact; but *Thersites* is used here to signify any body of the same kind: as before, *Atticus* and *Rutilus*. The meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose *Ajax* and *Ulysses* in contending for *Achilles's* armour. See his character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden in his tragedy of *Truth found too late*.

(8) *Ulysses.* The most eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After *Achilles's* death, *Ajax*, a famed Grecian warrior, pretended to his armour; *Ulysses* opposed him before a council of war, and by his admirable eloquence obtained the prize. *Ovid Metam.* 13.

(9) *Pollio.* Brought to that pass by his gluttony, that he was forced to sell his ring, the mark of honour and distinction worn by the Roman knights.

(10) *Astræa.* The goddess of justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to heaven after the golden age.

Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

(11) *Perficus.* Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this Satire.

(12) *Evander.* A prince of *Arcadia*, who unluckily killing his father, forsook his own country, and came into Italy; settling in that place, where afterwards *Rome* was built. *Virg. Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertained both *Hercules* and *Æneas*, when he was in a low condition.

(13) *Alcides.* *Hercules*, so called from his grandfather *Alcæus*.

(14) *Curius Dentatus.* A great man who had been three times Consul of *Rome*, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

(15) A dish in great esteem among the Romans.

— Nil vulva pulchrius ampla. *Horat.*

(16) If they killed a sacrifice, and any flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental rarity.

(17) Consul. By the tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*
(the

(the last Roman king), the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled and resolved to commit the government, for the future, into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year anew, and whom they called Consuls.

(18) Dictator. Was a general chosen upon some emergent occasions. His office was limited for six months; which time expired, (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new election. The Dictator differed in nothing from a king, but in his name, and the duration of his authority: his power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

(19) Before the appointed hour—

It was accounted greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour; and our three o'clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary hour; and always excusable in old people.

(20) Censors. Were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men; they had power to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanors: and in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

(21) The manner of the Romans eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table, which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards, at great expence, adorned with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

(22) Grecian Arts. The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our Poet, Sat. 3.

—Non possum ferre, Quirites
Græcam Urbem—

(23) Romulus and Remus. Twins, and founders of the Roman empire; who the poets feign were nurs'd by a wolf: the woman's name being Lupa.

(24) Formerly the statues of the gods were made of clay: but now of gold. Which extravagance was displeasing even to the gods themselves.

(25) The

(25) *The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.*

(26) *Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferred to silver.*

(27) *Trypherus. There were in Rome, professors of the art of carving; who taught publicly in schools. Of this kind, Trypherus was the most famous.*

(28) *Ganymede. Cup-bearer.*

(29) *Phrygia. Whence pretty boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the markets to vile uses.*

(30) *An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.*

(31) *Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold.*

These lines in Juvenal,

*Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis.*

in some late editions are placed nearer the latter end of this Satire: and in the order of this translation would so have followed, after line 349, viz.

*Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.*

But I have continued them in this place after Lubin; besides the example of the learned Holyday for the same position, agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense before and after. For the Megalensian games consisting chiefly of races, and such like exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators: but it was a manifest immodesty, for them to lie by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex, in the manner described.

(32) *Megalensian shows. Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods. She was called $\mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\eta\ \mu\acute{\eta}\tau\epsilon\rho\eta$, Magna Mater, and from thence these games Megalefia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.*

(33) *Circus. The place where these games were celebrated.*

(34) *Prætor. An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff.*
He

He was to oversee these sports, and sate in great state while they were acting; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

(35) The green have won the honour of the day. *In running the races in the Circus, with horses in chariots, there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries: which were green, a kind of russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the shouts, for joy of their party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the golden and purple factions.*

(36) *Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Romans had for such shows.*

(37) Cannæ. *A small town, near which Hannibal obtained a great victory over the Romans: in that battle were slain 40,000 men, and so many gentlemen, that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.*

(38) *See the notes at fig. 19.*

P R O L O G U E
T O
Q U E E N M A R Y,
U P O N

Her Majesty's coming to see the OLD BACHELOR,
after having seen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;

But this we know, our audience will excel:

For never was in Rome, nor Athens seen

So fair a circle, and so bright a queen.

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,

And many rough and stormy winters past;

Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,

Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:

While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,

Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:

So does it still through opposition grow,

As if its root was warmer kept by snow:

But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,

On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,

And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would spare.

But now, new vigour and new life it knows,

And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!

How gay would, then, this drooping land appear!

Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view

The smiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.

O'er all the meads should various flowers be seen

Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,

The new creation of a gracious queen.

E P I L O G U E

At the Opening of the

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET,

WITH AN

ITALIAN PASTORAL.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHatever future fate our house may find,
 At present we expect you should be kind;
 Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
 Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
 You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
 You must be true till you have time to change.
 A week at least; one night is sure too soon:
 But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
 To novelty we know you can be true,
 But what, alas! or who, is always new?
 This day, without presumption, we pretend
 With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
 For not alone our house and scenes are new,
 Our song and dance, but e'en our actors too.
 Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
 Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman,
 In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
 Of harmless loves our painted forests ring,
 In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.
 To sound and show at first we make pretence,
 In time we may regale you with some sense,
 But that, at present, were too great expence.
 We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd:

But

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But in good-breeding, sure, they'll once excuse
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger-muse.
 The day's at hand, when we shall shift the scene,
 And to yourselves shew your dear selves again:
 Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
 And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
 For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part;
 And a good head, more useful than a heart. }
 This way of war, does our example yield;
 That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
 We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
 But starving one another to compliance.
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
 And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
 They conquer, who cut off the foes provision.
 Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother;
 Our war and trade, is to outwit each other.
 But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
 That both our conduct, and our foresight, fail us,
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
 To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season?
 Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd muse:
 Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away;
 Half-wits and beaus, those rav'nous birds of prey.
 But, heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
 Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.

I 2

Thus

6 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Thus does our author his first flight commence ;
 Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence :
 Thus prudent Gimcrack tried if he were able
 (Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
 Then spare the youth ; or if you'll damn the play,
 Let him but first have his, then take your day.

E P I L O G U E

T O

O R O O N O K O.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
 To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
 Like rain and sunshine mix'd, in April weather.
 Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears :
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
 Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books :
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
 Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
 To follow fame, knights-errant make profession :
 We damsels fly, to save our reputation :
 So they, their valour show, we, our discretion. }
 To lands of monsters, and fierce beasts they go ; }
 We, to those islands where rich husbands grow : }
 Tho' they're no monsters, we may make 'em so. }
 If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with pa-
 tience :
 But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations !
 Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
 Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives :

Nor

Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
 Had she once died within a lover's arms.
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
 Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding.
 Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
 Their law no christian liberty allows:
 Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
 If virtue in a heathen be a fault;
 Then damn the heathen school, where she was taught.
 She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY, written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, jun.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets, and for blasted plays:
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.
 Our authors too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite asham'd
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christ'nings fall, and funerals increase.
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.

198 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Let not your spleen provoke you to that height,
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, sirs, when you
write.

You'll find that Pegafus has tricks, when tried,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get astride.
Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought,
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,
But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
A mode, said I? 'Tis a disease, I think,
A stubborn tetter, that's not cur'd with ink.
For still it spreads, till each th' infection takes,
And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
Our play to-day is sprung from none of these,
Nor should you damn it, tho' it does not please,
Since born without the bounds of your four seas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a stranger, there is something due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant;
Tho' there the poet may his dwelling choose,
Yet still he knows his country claims his muse.
Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the fire may for the son atone.
There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

P R O L O G U E

To the COURT on the

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

TH E happy muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard :
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage ;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear :
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the satyr's mask,
 Happy her future days ! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the court a faultless fair :
 Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
 And shame to manners an incorrigible town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
 Such various virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to choose.
 Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
 One only awes her with superior light.
 From that attempt the conscious muse retires,
 Nor to inimitable worth aspires :
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
 That first enliven'd this auspicious day :
 On that bright star, to whose indulgent pow'r
 We owe the blessings of the present hour.

Concurring omens of propitious fate
 Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;
 Whence we derive whatever we possess,
 By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then thy dawn of bliss begun;
 Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
 Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed;
 And by whose arm the christian world be freed;
 Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
 And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE

T H E A R S

O F

A M A R Y L L I S F O R A M Y N T A S :

A

P A S T O R A L,

Lamenting the DEATH of the

Late LORD MARQUIS OF BLANFORD.

Inscribed to the

Right Hon. the Lord GODOLPHIN,

Lord High-Treasurer of England.

*Qualis populeæ mærens Philomela sub umbra**Amisso queritur fœtus**miserabile carmen**Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.*

Virg. Geor. iv.

'T WAS at the time, when new-returning light
 With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight;
 When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
 And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
 When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
 And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew
 'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
 Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,

Forsook her myrtle bower and rosy bed,
 To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
 Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
 And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
 Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
 And dumb distress and new compassion show,
 As taught by her to taste of human woe.
 Nature herself attentive silence kept,
 And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
 The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
 And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
 Ev'n echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
 Lest repetition should her accents drown;
 The very morning-wind withheld his breeze,
 Nor fan'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
 And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
 No noise, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,
 Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan.
 Her cries alone her anguish could express,
 All other mourning would have made it less.

"Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and sylvan
 gods,

"Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
 "Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
 "Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
 "The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
 "And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
 "Have I not cause, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn?
 "Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
 "Tell me, thou sun that round the world dost shine,
 "Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
 "Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
 "And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
 "Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
 "Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs before?
 "Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide-spreading base
 "The wretched load is laid of human race,
 "Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?
 "Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?

"When

" When hoary Winter on thy shrinking head
 " His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,
 " Hast thou not felt less chilness in thy veins?
 " Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
 " But why to thee do I relate my woe,
 " Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe,
 " Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
 " Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
 " What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
 " Eternal Winter should his horror shed,
 " Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
 " And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
 " To me what comfort can the spring afford?
 " Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
 " Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
 " Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
 " No, never! never!—say then, rigid earth,
 " What is to me thy everlasting dearth?
 " Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
 " Tho' never tree again should blossom bear,
 " Tho' never grass should clothe the naked ground,
 " Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be found.
 " None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
 " Nor wholesome herb was found, nor healing plant,
 " To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
 " In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains;
 " But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
 " Or pois'nous weeds distilling deadly dew.
 " And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
 " To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
 " Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
 " A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
 " Witness to this ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
 " Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
 " Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
 " What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed;
 " How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
 " When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
 " For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
 " And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;

"Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
 "And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard.
 "The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
 "And frightened streams their wonted channels left;
 "With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
 "Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd;
 "While I forlorn and desolate was left,
 "Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft;
 "To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
 "And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
 "For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne,
 "For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were
 "torn;
 "For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
 "These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
 "To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
 "And hide my head in shades of endless night:
 "For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
 "The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.
 "Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
 "The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
 "Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
 "Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
 "Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
 "Did ever life so immaturely end?
 "For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 "And ev'ry muse prepar'd thy future praise.
 "For thee the busy nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
 "And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
 "But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
 "To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song.
 "Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
 "And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 "There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 "There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die."
 This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
 Excess of grief her fault'ring speech suppress'd.
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;

Then

Then from her swimming eyes began to pour,
Of softly-falling rain a silver show'r;
Her loosely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light:
As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
And cast to earth the glories he had worn.
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress,
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And echo multiplied each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy pile were now expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing green;
And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew,
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
mournful hue,

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;

Or

Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
 Think on Amyntas, oft as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew.

To C Y N T H I A,

Weeping and not Speaking.

E L E G Y

WH Y are those hours, which heav'n in pity lent
 To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
 Why sighs my fair? Why does that bosom move
 With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?
 Can discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n despair might rest?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part:
 I am no stranger to an aching heart;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it to give you relief:
 All love's severest pangs I can endure;
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure.
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain;
 Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
 Nay, jealousy—and I have felt despair.
 These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
 For cruel you, when I began to love:
 Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.

O the

O the dear hour, in which you did resign !
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.
 Thro' each returning year may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity ;
 Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
 Let him collect the day to be more bright,
 Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
 And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve !
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorn and frowns forbade the fire ;
 Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind ?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
 This flood of tears ? whence are these frequent sighs ?
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe ?
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past ;
 Or what remain think lighter made by me ;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears ;
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears ;
 Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
 O speak—for woe in silence most appears ;
 Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause, which words cannot express !
 Can I not bear a part, nor make it less ?
 I know not what to think—am I in fault ?
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
 Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep afresh, and at that word you start !
 Am I to be depriv'd then ?—must we part ?

Curse

Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
 For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
 Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
 And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears, and restless doubts increase;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her ev'ry lover;
 I'll tell the signs, by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both studied, tho' both seem neglected;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

L E S B I A.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his, who snatch'd cœlestial fire.
 But soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
 And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

D O R I S.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
 Has ev'ry grace and art,
 A wise observer to engage,
 Or wound a heedless heart.
 Of native blush, and rosy dye,
 Time has her cheek bereft;
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply
 With paint th' injurious theft.
 Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth in good repair;
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd hair.
 Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,
 And does to fat incline
 No more, than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.
 Farther, her person to disclose
 I leave—let it suffice,
 She has few faults, but what she knows,
 And can with skill disguise.
 She many lovers has refus'd,
 With many more complied;
 Which like her clothes, when little us'd,
 She always lays aside.

She's

She's one, who looks with great contempt
 On each affected creature,
 Whose nicety would seem exempt
 From appetites of nature.
 She thinks they want or health or sense,
 Who want an inclination ;
 And therefore never takes offence
 At him who pleads his passion.
 Whom she refuses, she treats still
 With so much sweet behaviour,
 That her refusal, through her skill,
 Looks almost like a favour.
 Since she this softness can express
 To those whom she rejects,
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,
 Of such whom she affects :
 But here our Doris far outgoes
 All that her sex have done ;
 She no regard for custom knows,
 Which reason bids her shun.
 By reason, her own reason's meant,
 Or, if you please, her will :
 For when this last is discontent,
 The first is serv'd but ill.
 Peculiar therefore is her way ;
 Whether by nature taught,
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.
 But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown,
 And stare upon the strange man's face,
 As one she ne'er had known.
 So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
 Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For to forget what we bestow,
 Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs :
 For all her favours done
 From her love flow, as light proceeds
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

T O S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
 How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds !
 Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
 Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd ;
 But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun
 The wretch, by fortune or by love undone !
 Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
 Which used to wait upon my midnight hours ?
 Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread,
 With friendly shade around my restless bed ?
 Can no complainings thy compassion move ?
 Is thy antipathy so strong to love !
 O no ! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
 And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
 With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
 Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms ;
 Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
 Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth respire,
 Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
 And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
 But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair !
 From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
 But painful nights his joyless days succeed.

But

212 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
 Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
 Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
 I own unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
 For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
 And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
 Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
 With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
 For more enduring woes my days prolong.
 The morning lark to mine accords his note,
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his absence and return:
 And all for thee—what had I well-nigh said?
 Let me not name thee, thou too-charming maid.
 No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sound alone relate their pain,
 And not with voice articulate complain;
 So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
 For her, O sleep, thy balmy sweets prepare;
 The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
 Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
 Steal on her brow: And as those dews attend,
 Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
 So wait thou for her morn'; then, gently rise,
 And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occasioned by

L—Y—'s PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller, to superior skill,
 Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill :
 If yet my vanquish'd muse exert her lays,
 It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
 Oft have I tried, with unavailing care,
 To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair ;
 But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
 And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd :
 But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
 Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart ;
 The bright idea both exists and lives,
 Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives :
 Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
 Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
 Others some faint resemblance may express,
 Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.
 Thy pictures raise no doubts, when brought to view,
 At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
 Transcendent artist ! how complete thy skill !
 Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will.
 Nature and art in thee alike contend,
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend :
 For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
 Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
 As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
 And each to other is subservient made,
 Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
 And both unite in perfect harmony.
 But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
 And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.

Fame

Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
 Unpaid, till the deserver is no more.
 Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
 And from the chosen few applause obtain'd :
 Ev'n he who best could judge and best could praise,
 Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays ;
 Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name ;
 Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.
 Unfit I follow where he led the way,
 And court applause by what I seem to pay.
 Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
 For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend :
 And next to deeds, which our own honour raise,
 Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

To a C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
 I lonely pass the melancholy night ;
 Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
 To whom alone I venture to complain ;
 O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan ;
 Commiserate a life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart by which supplied they burn.
 Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
 At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine ;
 Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire :
 So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw ;
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID's

OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART OF LOVE.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends the rules and instructions to the Fair Sex, in the conduct of their amours: after having already composed two books for the use of Men upon the same subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare:

And now we must instruct and arm the fair.

Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,

And mighty Love determine which shall yield.

Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show

Unequal force against a naked foe:

No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,

And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, "What frenzy rules your mind?

"Would you increase the craft of woman-kind!

"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may

"Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."

But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,

Who charge on all the failings of a few.

Examine first impartially each fair,

Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.

If (1) Menelaus, and the king of men,

With justice of their sister-wives complain;

If false (2) Eriphyle forsook her faith,

And for reward procur'd her husband's death;

Penelope

216 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Penelope (3) was loyal still, and chaste,
 Tho' twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
 Reflect how (4) Laodamia's truth was tried,
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
 To share her husband's fate, untimely died.
 Think how (5) Alcestes' piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
 Receive me, Capaneus, (6) Evadne cried;
 Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:
 'To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.
 She said; and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
 Virtue (7) herself a goddess we confess,
 Both female in her name and in her dress;
 No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with care a female mind.
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach
 Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.
 My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
 A little wind will fill a little sail.
 Of sportive loves I sing, and shew what ways
 The willing nymph must use her bliss to raise,
 And how to captivate the man she'd please.
 Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
 Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:
 Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
 Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,
 You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
 The faithless (8) Jason from Medea fled,
 And made Creüsa partner of his bed.
 Bright (9) Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
 If then, the wild inhabitants of air
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
 It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
 Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
 Why (10) Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea:
 Her

Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, (11) Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said; "What have poor women done?
" Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd,
" On ev'ry side, by men well-arm'd, inclos'd?
" Twice are the men instructed by the muse,
" Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
" The (12) Bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,
" Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
" And you, if on my favour you depend,
" The cause of women, while you live, defend."
This said, a myrtle spring, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not Hereafter will the loss repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose yied with the blushing morn.

218 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leafless now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid age without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair:
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian (13) swain;
Nor thou, Aurora, (14) Cephalus disdain;
The Paphian Queen, who, for (15) Adonis' fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since;
Witness (16) Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' constant use, ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?

Still

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 219

Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain;
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain (17)?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now lanch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's (18) spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A foldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd and gilt.
This (19) Capitol, with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
When Tatus reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are fought;
Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade, appear;

Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire;
 And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
 The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
 And much become, or misbecome the face.
 What suits your features, of your glass inquire,
 For no one rule is fix'd for head attire.
 A face too long should part and flat the hair,
 Left, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round,
 Should show the ears, and with a tow'r be crown'd.
 On either shoulder, one, her locks displays;
 Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays:
 Another, all her tresses ties behind;
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some;
 Others, the binding fillets more become:
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
 Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
 But, to recount the sev'ral dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
 Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
 And with a pleasing negligence ensnare;
 Whole mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
 And all is art that looks like accident.
 With such disorder (20) Iole was grac'd,
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.
 Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain, by various ways.
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
 Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
 And art gives colour which with nature vies.
 The well-wove tow'rs they wear their own are thought;
 But only are their own, as what they've bought.
 Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
 And choose, at public shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly

Costly apparel let the fair-one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
 What folly must in such expence appear,
 When more becoming colours are less dear?
 One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view.
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the golden-fleece compos'd the thread.
 Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display;
 With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
 Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture shows;
 In this, of Amethysts, the purple grows,
 And that more imitates the paler rose.
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose fily'ry plumes
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
 Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim;
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
 As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'erspread,
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
 So various are the colours you may try,
 Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
 Try ev'ry one: What best becomes you, wear;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair (22) Briseis dress'd:
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
 Andromeda (22) so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of too-pow'rful smells,
 Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat expels,
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
 Tho' not to nymphs of (23) Caucasus I sing,
 Nor such who taste remote the Myfian (24) spring;
 Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no neglect,
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
 You know the use of white to make you fair,
 And how, with red, lost colour to repair;

222 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
 Nor need the fair-one be ashamed, who tries,
 By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book (25) I've made, but with great care,
 How to preserve the face, and how repair.
 In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
 May see, what pains to please 'em I've employ'd.
 But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
 You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
 Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
 Left, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
 Who would not take offence, to see a face
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
 And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
 The wool's unsav'ry scent is still the same.
 Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by:
 For many things, when done, afford delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
 Even Myr's (26) statues, which for art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass:
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
 As once the robe you wear was wool unhorn.
 Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
 Which, now, a perfect Venus shews to view.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
 Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
 Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;
 Your need of art, why should your lover know?
 For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
 And few, of strict inquiry, bear the test.
 Those figures which in theatres are seen,
 Gilded without, are common wood within.
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
 Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
 Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
 To have the fair-one comb her hair in sight;
 To view the flowing honours of her head
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.

But

But let her look, that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd ;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does ; who does her best.
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
 And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails ;
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
 And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
 Plant centinels before her dressing-room :
 Or in the fane of the good Goddess dress,
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
 A lady at her toilet once surpris'd ;
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tow'r she wore,
 And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
 But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
 Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
 Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
 The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn ;
 A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead ;
 And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not, these instructions are design'd
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind :
 Not to a Semele, or (27) Leda bright,
 Nor an (28) Europa, these my rules I write ;
 Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
 Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms :
 Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
 And Paris well defended what he won ;
 What lover, or what husband, would not fight
 In such a cause, where both are in the right ?

The crowd I teach, some homely, and some fair ;
 But of the former sort, the larger share.
 The handsome least require the help of art,
 Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
 When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
 But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct ;
 And few are seen that have not some defect.

224 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit,
 Left, when she stands, she may be thought to fit;
 And when extended on her couch she lies,
 Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
 The lean, of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should choose,
 And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
 If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;
 If swarthy, to the (29) Pharian varnish fly.
 A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;
 Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
 Round shoulders, (30) bolster'd, will appear the least;
 And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
 Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
 Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
 And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
 Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
 Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
 Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
 You hardly think how much on this depends,
 And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
 Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
 And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
 Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
 Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
 In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
 In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain! Many, with ease,
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
 Others, thro' affectation, lisp, and find,
 In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
 Now learn what way of walking recommends.
 Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
 But female grace allures with strange delight.
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;
 Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion show.

Ano.

Another, like an (31) Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust,
Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm bare.
Such fights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

(32) Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships, when under sail, with songs detain:
Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates: Learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,
Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.
Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd,
When on his lyre melodious (33) Orpheus play'd;
Even Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.

And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by (34) Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, (35) Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet (36) Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read (37) Philetas and (38) Anacreon's verse.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But softest (39) Sappho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and (40) Tibullus read,
And let (41) Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latin bards the noblest muse.

Even I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines, some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.

Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

K 5

Tender

226 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Tender epistles, too, by me are fram'd,
 A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.
 Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
 Such thine, Apollo, and Lyæus, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
 Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
 That active dancing may to love engage,
 Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some old trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
 Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;
 To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
 Implies both cunning and dexterity.
 Nor is 't amiss at chess to be expert,
 For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
 Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use;
 Parties begun at play, may love produce.
 But, easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
 Than how to keep your temper while you play.
 Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,
 And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd,
 Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
 Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
 Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
 While losing gamesters all the Gods defy.
 Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at last.
 Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these,
 From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please.
 Soft recreations fit the female kind;
 Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
 To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
 To stop, or turn the steed, in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill-suit your tender frames,
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
 Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing (42) virgin's sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd, and fit you should repair
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
 To Pompey's (43) gardens, or the shady groves,
 Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves:

(44) Phœbus,

(44) Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete.
Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd to Livia's and (56) Octavia's name;
Or, where (46) Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Isis' (47) fane, to theatres resort;
And in the Circus see the noble sport.
In ev'ry public place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in singing, (48) Thamyras transcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
Had not (49) Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
Ennius (50) with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise:
What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?

Who could have been of (51) Danae's charms assur'd,
Had she grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph pursue;
That 'tis her interest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
So let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry place to please, be all her thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely drest,
And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me! all I say is for your good;
Had (53) Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain.
But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets:
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, (53) Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
Some so notorious are, their very name
Must ev'ry nymph, whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,

With

With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd.

Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.

Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire:

Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.

Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.

Be sure, avoid set phrases when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite.

How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!

A style too coarse, takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,

Write to no stranger, till his truth be tried;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.

What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;

Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!

Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discov'ries, sure as lightning, blast.

Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What, if in sev'ral hands, you learn'd to write?

My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.

Nor

230 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my muse, prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the finest face:
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine (54) Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek: She flung it quick aside;
"Nor is thy music so much worth," she cried.
Look in your glass, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily tried,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
Let sad (55) Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move;
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Tröy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame,
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my soul;" or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain,
 Or fear small things by greater to explain?
 Observe what conduct prudent gen'ral use,
 And how their sev'ral officers they choose;
 To one a charge of infantry commit,
 Another for the horse is thought more fit.
 So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
 And, as you find 'em qualified, direct.
 The wealthy lover store of gold should send;
 The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.
 We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe;
 Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
 By us your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd;
 So (56) Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
 From East to West Lycoris' praises ring;
 Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
 No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear;
 Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere:
 Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
 But shuns the bar; and books and shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
 With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
 Our softer studies with our souls combine,
 And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
 Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
 The god that fills him, and the muse revere;
 Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
 Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact;
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
 Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
 Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.
 As skilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
 A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;
 Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
 The man in years, and youth of greener age.
 This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
 With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
 And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.

Alone,

232 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Alone, thus blest'd, of rivals most beware;
 Nor love, nor empire, can a rival bear.
 Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
 And many things, which youth disdains, endure;
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
 Nor tear their own, or mistresses attire.
 In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
 But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
 As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
 Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beautiful foe,
 How, surely to enslave ourselves, we show.
 To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
 Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
 Would you retain him long, then long refuse.
 Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
 There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
 When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
 Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
 Hence springs the coldness of a married life,
 The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
 Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
 "Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny:"
 The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
 I now sharp weapons for the sex provide;
 Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em tried.

When first a lover you design to charm,
 Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
 Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
 That he, and only he's the happy man.
 Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
 And let him fear some rival's better fate.
 Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
 Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.

Then

Then strains the courser to outstrip the wind,
 When one before him runs, and one he hears behind;
 Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
 I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
 Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs;
 Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
 Sometimes your lover to incite the more,
 Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
 Tho' free as (57) Thais, still affect a fright;
 For seeming danger heightens the delight.
 Oft let the youth in thro' your window steal,
 Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
 And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
 And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
 Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
 And let him taste of happiness sincere;
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
 He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try
 Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
 Agrees with justice, modesty, and law:
 But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
 None but her keeper, I am sure, denies.
 For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
 Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
 Tho' stuck with (58) Argus' eyes your keeper were,
 Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
 Can he observe what letters then you write?
 Or, can his caution against such provide,
 Which, in her breast, your confident may hide?
 Can he the note beneath her garter view,
 Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
 Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
 And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
 New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
 Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
 Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
 Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius

234 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd ;
And in his tow'r of brass a grandfire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport ?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude ?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend ?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follow'r treat ;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat :
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping-draught to seal his eyes :
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign ;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles ?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd ;
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
With presents fools and wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy ;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not, too far, your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth :
The very confidant that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your stead.
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But

But whither do I run with heedless rage,
 Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
 Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
 Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
 But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
 I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
 And for the (59) Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
 Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
 Full of himself he your design will aid:
 To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
 With dying eyes his face and form survey,
 Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay:
 Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
 Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
 Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
 And make him pity your excessive love.
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
 "How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
 But chiefly, one, such fond behaviour fires,
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.
 Proud of the homage to his merit done,
 He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
 Nor strait fly out, when you a rival fear.
 Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
 Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
 Let Procris' fate a sad example be
 Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
 And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows;
 With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
 And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.
 There rosemary and bay their odours join,
 And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
 There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
 And cytissus and garden-pines abound.
 While thro' the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.

Hither

236 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd:
 And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
 "Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
 But some tale-bearing too-officious friend
 By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd;
 Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
 Repeating word for word what she had heard.
 Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
 With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
 Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
 And agonies, like death, supplied the place;
 Pale she appear'd, as are the falling leaves,
 When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
 Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
 Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
 Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
 Now, all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
 With (60) Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends;
 And all alone the shady hill ascends.
 What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
 What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
 Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought),
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
 And now to go, and now to stay, inclines:
 Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
 And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears:
 But more than all, excessive love deceives,
 Which all it fears too easily believes.
 And now a chilness ran thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon when he again retir'd to shun
 The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun;
 With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
 Which glow'd with heat; then sought his usual place.
 Procris,

Procris, with anxious but with silent care,
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;
 And heard him soon th' accustom'd words repeat,
 "Come, Zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat:"
 Soon as she found her error, from the word,
 Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
 With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms:
 But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms;
 Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,
 And strait his arrows and his bow prepares.
 "Hold! hold! unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
 "Me, me (she cries) thou'lt wounded with thy dart!
 "But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
 "Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
 "Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die:
 "Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
 "Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash'd with streaming tears the wound he made;
 At length the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we must provide,
 Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a feast;
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.
 For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
 Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind,
 From candle-light no small advantage find.
 During the time you eat observe some grace,
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
 Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
 Of all extremes in either kind beware,
 And still before your belly's full forbear.
 No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
 Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own,

238 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I own, I think, of wine the mod'rate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse ;
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loathe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modesty forbids : Nor more, my muse
With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues ;
Her purple (61) swans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
And equal arms on either sex bestow :
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid must own their master is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

(1) **A** G A M E M N O N and Menelaüs, two brothers, married two sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena: both of them preferred gallants to their husbands beds.

(2) Eriphyle, daughter of Talaon, king of Argos, for the sake of a golden chain, persuaded her husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, in which she knew he must be slain.

(3) Penelope, daughter of Icarus and Polycasta, was married to Ulysses, and much celebrated by the ancients for her invincible chastity.

(4) When Laodamia heard her husband Protefilaus was killed in the Trojan war, she passionately desired to see his ghost, which being granted her by the gods, she embraced it so closely, that she perished in the embrace.

(5) She offered to die to lengthen her husband Admetus's life.

(6) Evadne,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 239

(6) Evadne, the daughter of Iphias, married Capaneus, who signalized himself in the Theban war.

(7) Virtue was represented at Rome in a woman's habit, and had a temple and altars dedicated to her.

(8) Jason, the son of Aeson, married Medea the king of Colchos's daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the golden fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and married Creusa, daughter to the king of Corinth.

(9) Ariadne, the daughter of Minos king of Crete, being in love with Theseus, conducted him out of the labyrinth by the means of a clue of thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren shore; and she was afterwards married to Bacchus.

(10) Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus king of Thrace, despairing of the return of Demophoon, son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last favours, was transformed into an almond-tree as she was going to hang herself.

(11) Aeneas and Dido. The pious hero excused his falsehood by the injunction of the gods.

(12) The Poet Stesichorus wrote a bitter satire against Helen, for which her brothers, Castor and Pollux, plucked out his eyes; but having recanted some time after in his Palinodia, a poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his sight.

(13) Endymion, with whom the Moon fell in love, and descended to converse with him on mount Latmos in Caria.

(14) Aurora being in love with Cephalus, who had married Procris the king of Athens's daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his wife, that, 'tis said, she was forced to ravish him. The reader will meet with a fuller account of him at the end of this book.

(15) Adonis, the son of Cynaras king of Cyprus, was slain by a boar as he was a hunting, to the inexpressible grief of the goddess Venus.

(16) Harmonia, or Hermione, was the daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan prince Aeneas her son by Anchises.

(17) Still

(17) Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit :

Quid, nisi quam fumis, dic mihi perdis aquam ?

These verses are not barely translated to the literal sense which is conceived to be in them ; but paraphrased according to the interpretation of Heinſius, who ſeems truly to underſtand the text, though differing in his conjecture from Scaliger and other commentators. If any reader is curious enough to conſult the commentary of Heinſius on this place, he will find by other inſtances cited from Ovid, that aquam fumere was a phraſe appropriated to a particular time and cuſtom among women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only paſſage in this book which all other commentators but Heinſius have rendered intelligible ; for otherwiſe the verſes are not very conſiderable : And the moſt which Ovid ſays in this place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid, Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their hands, when it can coſt them nothing but a little water to waſh them afterwards, which is not worth ſaving ?

(18) Andromache, the wife of Hector, is always represented as a plain ſort of woman.

(19) The capitol was a hill in Rome, ſo called from a man's head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the Temple of Jupiter.

(20) Iole, daughter of Eurytus king of Oechalia, and wife to Hercules. He took her from her father by force, becauſe the king would not conſent to it when he returned from Ætolia, where he had married Deianira.

(21) Hippodamia, the daughter of Brifes, from thence called Briſeis, fell by lot to Achilles at the Sack of Lyrneſſus.

(22) Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus king of Æthiopia, was for her mother's pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible ſea-monſter ; but being reſcued by Perſeus, ſhe was afterwards married to him.

(23) Caucasus is a mountain which ſtretches itſelf from

from the East-Indies to mount Taurus, but goes by several names, according as it is inhabited by several nations.

(24) Myfia is a country in Asia Minor, bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the worthlessness of its inhabitants. Ovid saith he is addressing himself to the polite Roman ladies, and not to the wild inhabitants of Caucasus and Myfia.

(25) He means his book *de Medicamine Faciei*, of which we have some fragments remaining.

(26) There were two famous statuaries of this name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eluthera.

(27) Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the curiosity to enjoy the God in his celestial majesty, was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Thestius, and the wife of Tyndarus king of Oebalia: Jupiter in the shape of a swan enjoyed her as she was bathing in the river Eurotus.

(28) Europa, the daughter of Agenor king of Phœnicia, was ravished by Jupiter in the shape of a bull.

(29) Pharos was a little island at the mouth of the Nile, abounding with crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles, or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

(30) Analectides, little bolsters of socks. The same invention is used in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calved stockings for the men. And it is satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

(31) The Umbrians inhabited a country joining to the Apennine hills, which run from Savona, on the coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian straits. This nation were reckoned as rustic in their manners, as strong in bodies, and stout of heart. The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian woman, a just idea of a modern peasant's wife.

(32) The Syrens were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia, and Ligia, half women, and half fish.

242 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

One made use of her voice, the second of her lyre, and the third of her flute. Their haunt was on the coast of Sicily, where they charmed voyagers; but Ulysses escaped them.

(33) Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the lyre, that it is said he drew after him trees and wild beasts, and charmed hell with his music, whither he went to recover his wife Eurydice.

(34) Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre.

(35) Arion was a musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of money in his travels, the sailors robbed him, and threw him overboard as he was returning home by sea; but a Dolphin, charmed with his music, conveyed him on his back safe to Peloponnesus, where he procured Periander to put the sailors to death.

(36) Callimachus, the son of Battus, was looked upon to be one of the wittiest and politest men of his age.

(37) Philetas was a native of Coos, an island in the Aegean Sea; he was a celebrated poet, and writer of elegies, and flourished under Philip, and his son Alexander the Great.

(38) Anacreon was a lyric poet of Teios; being a great lover of wine, he choaked himself with a grape-stone as he was drinking.

(39) Sappho was born at Mitylene in the Isle of Lesbos: she writ nine books of Elegies, and several Epigrams and Satires. Her sentiments were very tender in her verses, for which reason Ovid recommends them. According to some authors, she flung herself into the sea, because Phaon neglected her.

(40) These three were celebrated poets of the Augustan age. Propertius was a native of Umbria, and very much esteemed by Mecenas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Egypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his wit, than his gallantry and profusion.

(41) Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the province

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 243

province of Gallia Narbouensis, was in love with a lady called Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his poetry,

(42) The Poet means the summer season, whe the sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

(43) These were the most noted gardens in Rome, and in the field of Mars.

(44) It is said Phœbus descended at the battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans' side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

(45) Octavia's portico built near Marcellus's theatre.

(46) Agrippa married Julia, Augustus's daughter by Scribonia, and his father-in-law honoured him with a naval crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the porticos in Rome was built or named by Agrippa.

(47) Ovid gives us to understand, in his first book of the Art of Love, that people frequented the temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous intrigues.

(48) Thamyras, the son of Philammon, was a poet, and one of the greatest musicians of his time: Having gained the prize of singing at the Pythic games, he met the Muses in his return homewards, and had the insolence to give them a challenge, fancying he could out do them in that art; at which the daughters of Jupiter were so enraged, than they deprived him of his reason, or, as Diodorus says, they took from him his voice, and his art of playing on the lute.

(49) Apelles was for his great skill called the prince of painters; his master-piece was reckoned the Venus rising out of the sea, of which Ovid speaks in this place.

(50) Ennius was the first Roman that wrote annals in heroic verse; his subject was the wars of Italy, and particularly the second Punic war, which he did to compliment his friend and patron Scipio, in whose tomb he was buried, and who placed the poet's statue near his own, which shows how highly he honoured him.

(51) Danæ, daughter of Acrisius king of Argos; who having consulted the oracle, and being told he

144 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

should be killed by her son, shut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But Jupiter, transforming himself into a golden shower, bribed her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renowned Perseus. Her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the sea; but, being fortunately cast ashore on one of the islands called Cyclades, the king of the island married the mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly killed his grandfather.

(52) Priam, King of Troy, and father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks, when they demanded her by their ambassadors; but other counsels prevailing, the war ensued, which ended in the destruction of Troy, and the death of Priam, who was killed by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, after forty years reign.

(53) The Temple of Venus stood in the Appian way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman ladies, who came thither to meet their sparks.

(54) Minerva playing on her flute by a river's side, and observing in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the instrument in a passion.

(55) Tecmessa, the daughter of Teuthrantes, a Phrygian prince, was taken prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax's lot upon the division of the spoil.

(56) These are the names the Roman poets of those times gave their mistresses in their verses.

(57) Thais was a name given to all sorts of women of a lewd character, who however affect discretion.

(58) Argus had an hundred eyes, and kept Io from Jupiter by Juno's order, for which Mercury killed him by command of his father Jove; to make him amends, Juno turned him into a peacock, and placed his eyes in his tail.

(59) The Poet alludes here to those wicked women who rose against the men, and did not spare their own husbands.

(60) The priestesses and priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the festival of that god, did it with the noise of

of shouts, drums, timbrels, and cymbals, were crowned with ivy, vine, &c. and carried a Thyrsus or staff wreathed with it in their hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their actions during this ceremony.

(61) By this Ovid shews he's both a poet and a lover, for the swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's car sometimes, though the doves are oftēst used upon that occasion.

L 3

246
P L E A S I N G ;

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

TIS strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings—and sure, as strange is this :
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.
Nor is that all ; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien ;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise ;
Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whisp'ring his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod and smile, and shrug with art ;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain Nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.

Plautus

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
 Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
 Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
 Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
 Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your nose.
 Thermites, who seems born to give offence,
 From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
 Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
 Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
 Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
 And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
 But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
 Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
 Men most affect in general to please:
 Of this affection vanity's the source,
 And vanity alone obstructs its course;
 That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
 The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
 And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
 Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
 And to his proper force adapt his mind;
 Scarce one, but to some merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
 Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.
 If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live:
 When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
 We study 'em with profit and delight:
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
 All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
 "Affect not any thing in Nature's spite."

Baboons and apes ridiculous we find ;
 For what ? For ill-resembling human-kind,
 " None are, for being what they are, in fault,
 " But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the pleasing art ;
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
 By Nature form'd for love, and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are what others but profess,
 I'll not offend you, while myself I please ;
 I loathe to flatter, tho' I love to praise.
 But when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years ;
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,
 Not to confess it in the man I love.
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
 You've won in arms, and in your country's cause ;
 Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
 But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some less partial say,
 That I presume too much in this essay.
 How should I show what pleases ? How explain,
 A rule, to which I never could attain ?
 To this objection I'll make no reply,
 But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once
 (Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
 Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
 Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
 This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
 To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
 The careful parent laid the treatise by,
 Till time should make it proper to apply.
 Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
 To read and profit by his father's pains ;
 And now the fire prepares the book t' impart,
 Which was yclep'd Of Memory the Art.
 But ah ! how oft is human care in vain !
 For now he could not find his book again.

The

The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: Like most of theirs who teach
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

POINTS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The first point is that the
second point is that the
third point is that the
fourth point is that the
fifth point is that the
sixth point is that the
seventh point is that the
eighth point is that the
ninth point is that the
tenth point is that the
eleventh point is that the
twelfth point is that the
thirteenth point is that the
fourteenth point is that the
fifteenth point is that the
sixteenth point is that the
seventeenth point is that the
eighteenth point is that the
nineteenth point is that the
twentieth point is that the
twenty-first point is that the
twenty-second point is that the
twenty-third point is that the
twenty-fourth point is that the
twenty-fifth point is that the
twenty-sixth point is that the
twenty-seventh point is that the
twenty-eighth point is that the
twenty-ninth point is that the
thirtieth point is that the

A
P I N D A R I C O D E,

Humbly offered to the

Q U E E N,

On the Victorious Progress of

Her MAJESTY'S ARMS under the Conduct of
the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIC ODE.

—*Operosa parvus*

Carmina fingo.

Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

P I N D A R I C O D E

Humily offered to the

G U E N

Of the Victorian Progress of

Her Majesty's Arms under the Command
of the Duke of Marlborough.

To which is prefixed,

A Discourse on the Pinard's Ode.

—Ode to Pinard—

London: Printed by J. D. 1794.

DISCOURSE

ON THE

PINDARIC ODE

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems, intitled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language one Ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees * brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs), when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another

* Pausan. Boeotic.

complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the Reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so * misunderstood and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are songs of triumph, victory, or success in the Grecian games: They were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and † pipe; they consisted ofteneft of three stanzas; the first was called the Strophé, from the version or circular motion of the fingers in that stanza from the right hand to the † left. The second stanza

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have applied *numerusque fertur lege solutus* to all the Odes of Pindar; which there expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, "Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner soever, viz. first, whether he writes Dithyrambics, which break through the bounds prescribed to other Odes; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c. or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games: or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c."

† Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace, L. 3. 4. Ode 1. *Mistis Carminibus non sine fistula*; and L. 3. Ode 19. *Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?*

‡ Or from the left to the right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. Introdu. ad Olymp. And Alex. ab Alexandro, L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the chorus, says, *Cursum auspiciati à læva dextrorsum—mox à dextra laevorsum*. But the

stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus; the singers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to the motion in the Strophé. The third stanza was called the Epode (it may be as being the after-song), which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their Odes, is not our present business to inquire. Some have thought, that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. * Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observed in the composition of these Odes was, therefore, as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his Strophé, or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him; composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this Epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same † measure as often as he

the learned Schmidius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notion of the ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and, agreeable to Homer, there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.

* Pind. Scho. et Schmid. ibid.

† Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. cap. 97. l. 3.

should

should repeat it in the order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The lyric poet, Stesichorus, (whom * Longinus reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer; and of whom † Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the Ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, ‡ *ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti*; so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "He did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus;" that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, an Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say, for the information of those Readers whose course of study has not led them into such inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

* Longin. de Sub. c. 13.

† Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1.

‡ *ὅτι τὰ τρία Στεσιχοῦ νοστίζεις*, de vehementer indocto et imperito dici solitum. Erasmi. Adag.

Again,

Again, we having no chorus to sing our Odes, the titles, as well as use of Strophé, Antistrophé, and Epode, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us, hitherto, as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal Odes should consist of the three afore-mentioned stanzas; yet, if the Reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures, I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not shew itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore, certainly, poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the Ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, "Which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory,

258 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed poems since, which, instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painters term) been only caricaturas of him, resemblances that, for the most part, have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error, in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied; and it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet, if * Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his hymns, notwithstanding, as the same Author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and

* Bæotic. p. 588.

though

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 259

though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last Strophè of the same Ode, which take in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

*Qui multa paucis stringere commodè
Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, & auris mensque pura
Omne supervacuum rejectat.*

ODE.

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of memory, immortal muse,
 Calliope; what poet wilt thou choose
 Of ANNA's name to sing?
 To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
 Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
 Whom raise sublime on thy æthereal wing,
 And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
 Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
 Striving to rise in vain:
 Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
 To celebrate bright virtue's praise.
 Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest swain,
 May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
 And next Alcides' guardian arm,
 That (1) harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
 Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;
 That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
 When first the vocal shell was found,
 With more than mortal skill
 Inventor Hermes taught to sound:
 Hermes on bright Latona's son,
 By sweet persuasion won,
 The wondrous work bestow'd;
 Latona's son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
 A God the gift, a God th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of ANNA's name.
 'The lyre is struck! the sounds I hear!
 O Muse, propitious to my pray'r!
 O well-known sounds! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Maonian flame!

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone:
 Witness sweet Spenser's lays:
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyn o'er Tiber's flood could raise,
 And mighty William sing, with well-proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.
 Thy lovely form, and fresh-reviving state,
 In crystal flood of Thames survey;
 Then bless thy better fate,
 Bless ANNA's most auspicious sway.
 While distant realms and neighb'ring lands,
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On ev'ry side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair CAPITAL of Liberty!
 And plenty knows, and days of Halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores
 His foaming billows beat;
 So Britain's QUEEN, amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.
 But

II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes.

Thus ANNA's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour human-kind,

III.

Fly, Tyranny, no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable zone
Fly ev'ry hospitable ground.

To horrid (2) Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopled empire share,
And rob those lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When justice shall have pow'r;
Justice to earth restor'd!

Again Aftrea reigns!

ANNA her equal scale maintains,
And MARLBRO' wields her sure-deciding sword.

I.

Now, couldst thou soar, my muse, to sing the MAN
In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
Her tow'ring pinions spread;
Thou shouldst of MARLBRO' sing, whose hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's command,
Far as the (3) seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
To save th' imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy song should end; tho' all the nine
Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
To sing that glorious day,

When bold Bavaria fled the field,

And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield,

On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;

And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.
But

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
And with success that song pursue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor still in view?
For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
Nor sets, but with impartial ray,
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day;
So, in the glorious round of fame,
Great MARLBRO', still the same,
Incessant runs his course:
To climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muse,
For O! what notes, what numbers couldst thou choose,
Tho' in all numbers skill'd;
To sing the hero's matchless deed,
Which (4) Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed;
To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
(5) Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd (6) Pharsalia's
[field?

II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verse such worth can raise?
Lustre and life the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
Transcend his utmost flight; and mock his distant praise.

III.

Still would the willing muse aspire,
With transport still her strains prolong;
But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration stops her song.
Go on, great chief, in ANNA's cause proceed;
Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,
Till Europe thou hast freed,
And universal peace restor'd.

This

This mighty work when thou shalt end,
 Equal rewards attend,
 Of value far above
 Thy trophies and thy spoils;
 Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
 Thy QUEEN'S just favour, and thy COUNTRY'S love.

NOTES on the foregoing ODE.

(1) **O**RPHEUS was said to be the son of the Muse Calliope. The poetical fiction of the harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same day that he was born of Maia in Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his cradle, and immediately composed a harp of the shell. A little after he stole the oxen of Apollo: this caused some difference between the Deities, but the matter being referred to Jupiter, he ordered Mercury to return the oxen to the right owner; on this there followed not only a reconciliation, but friendship; and Apollo expressing an extreme pleasure at the invention of the harp, Mercury bestowed it on him, as a pledge of his future friendship. Of this Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, speaks at large. Afterwards, Apollo, inventing another instrument called the Cithara, gave the lyra to Orpheus. The Muses, after the death of Orpheus, translated his harp into heaven, where it became a constellation, and is placed between the knee and left arm of Engonasis or Hercules.

(2) Nova Zembla, a miserable region in the frigid zone, where there is neither tree nor herb, but perpetual frost and snow; and where, for one half of the year, it is continual night.

(3) Lucan in his third Book, v. 202, gives it the indefinite epithet of Multifidi Istri. But Ovid, Trist. 2, Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplexis Istri. And Sido-
 nius Apollinaris gives it the same epithet, on the like occa-
 sion.

sion with this Ode, when in his Panegyric to Majorianus Cæsar, he tells him,

*Illicet aggredieris, quod nullus tempore nostro
Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri
Agmen in arma rapis——*

The ancient Geographers differed very much in their account of the rise of this river; so that on a double account, the same epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.

(4) *Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the seven Provinces, called Belgium Fœderatum, by the distinction made in the time of Phil. II. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently called Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great consequences attending such a victory.*

(5) *Cannæ, as inconsiderable a village as Blenheim, till in like manner made memorable and illustrious by the great and entire victory which Hannibal obtained there over the Romans.*

(6) *Pharsalia, famous for the overthrow of Pompey by Julius Cæsar; a wonderful victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramillies; for the design and end of the first was to enslave mankind, the manifest aim and event of the latter has been to set them at liberty.*

To the Right Honourable the

E A R L of GODOLPHIN,

Lord High-Treasurer of Great Britain.

PINDARIC ODE.

*Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor——
Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præcep̃s
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.*

Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites ;
And some, desire of martial spoils,
To bloody fields invites ;
Others, insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air ;
Pressing the doubtful voy'ge, till INDIA's shore
Her spicy bosom bears, and spreads her shining ore.

Nor

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
 Can stop th' invader's force;
 Nor swelling seas, nor threat'ning skies;
 Prevent the pirate's course:
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
 Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
 No anxious thoughts of ill repute
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
 But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
 Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their hate:

III.

But not for these his iv'ry lyre
 Will tuneful Phœbus string,
 Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
 Th' immortal epode sing.
 Thy springs, (1) Castalia, turn their streams aside
 From rapine, avarice, and pride;
 Nor do thy greens, shady (2) Aonia grow,
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe
 Is thy supreme decree,
 (3) That impious men shall joyless hear
 The muse's harmony!
 Their sacred songs, (the recompense
 Of virtue, and of innocence)
 Which pious minds to rapture raise,
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
 To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
 But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous (4) Typhœus, thus, new terrors fill,
 He, who assail'd the skies,
 And now beneath the burning hill
 Of dreadful Ætna lies.
 Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
 He bellows in th' abyss profound;

M 2

Sicilia

Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore ;
While all his hundred mouths at once respire
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds ;
To heav'nly minds belong
All pow'r and love, GODOLPHIN, of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song !
And thus, most pleasing are the muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise ;
Wherefore, for thee, her iv'ry lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand ;
Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on public good intent ;
Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight ;
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd.

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
As once she (5) Theron sung,
While with the deathless worthy's fame
Olympian (6) Pifa rung :
Nor less sublime is now her choice,
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.
And now she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd (7) horse to praise, and sing his rapid
[flight.

III.

And see ! the (8) air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein ;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor passing, print the plain !

The

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 269

The winds themselves, who with their swiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply ;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now a while the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe ;
And now, my muſe, prepare
Of (9) olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
(10) Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd ;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd :
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach ; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous fight !
Neptune, for human good, the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to (11) hear
the reins.

III.

Thus gods contend'd, (noble ſtrife !
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, doſt with MARLBRO' ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive :
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet peace at home thy care ſecures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

(1) Commonly Castalius, but by Virg. Georg. 3. called Castalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

(2) Aonia, the hilly and woody part of Boeotia, believed to have been much frequented by the Muses.

(3) That impious men shall joyless hear, &c. This thought or opinion is borrowed from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says—But such men whom Jupiter hates are confounded with terror when they hear the sweet harmony of the Muses. This passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of music and poetry. Mr. Cowley, in his notes on his Davideis, Book 1, on David's dispossessing Saul of the evil spirit, collects a great number of surprising citations on this subject.

(4) Typhœus, one of the giants who attempted to storm heaven; but Jupiter struck him with thunder, and laid him under the island of Sicily, with Ætna on his breast. This stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this monster is said to have an hundred heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

(5) Theron, a prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympic.

(6) Pisa, a town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympic games were celebrated.

(7) So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar—as singing sometimes the hero, sometimes the horse;

—Pugilemve equumve dicit, &c.

(8) Air-born. Alluding to the notion that mares have conceived by the Western wind, without the assistance of a horse. See Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrowed the birth of Raymond's horse Gierusalem, Canto 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca ineontro l'ora
Raccoglie i semi del secondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ò meraviglia!) &c.

Virg.

Virg. — — — — — illæ

Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras; and sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.

(9) Olive leaves. *An olive garland was the reward of victory in the Olympic games.*

(10) Pallas, &c. *The fable on which this digression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a contention who should give the name to Athens; and it was agreed, that which of them should confer the greatest benefit on mankind, should obtain the victory. The Gods were assembled in judgment, and Pallas struck the earth with her spear, whence up sprung the fruitful olive-tree; then Neptune, in his turn, darted his trident against the earth, which opening, was delivered of a horse; but the victory was adjudged to Pallas.*

(11) To hear the reins—*They who do not remember Virgil, may think this metaphor too bold. He has ventured to apply it even to the chariot rather than the horses, Georg. 1.*

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit curus habenas.

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E,

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
 Both as a critic and a friend.
 I tell it with some variation
 (Not altogether a translation)
 From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
 Whose muse would touch thee to the quick.
 The subject is of that same kind,
 To which thy heart seems most inclin'd:
 How verse may alter it, God knows,
 Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.
 So, without preface, or pretence,
 To hold thee longer in suspense,
 I shall proceed, as I am able,
 To the recital of my fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,
 More black of hue, than curst of mind,
 To help a lover in distress,
 Contriv'd a charm with such success,
 That in short space the cruel dame
 Relented, and return'd his flame.
 The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
 Was bound by honour and by oath:
 The lover laid down his salvation,
 And Satan stak'd his reputation.
 The latter promis'd on his part
 (To serve his friend, and shew his art),

That

That madam should by twelve o'clock,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as rock,
 Become as gentle as a glove,
 And kifs and coo like any dove.
 In short, the woman should be his,
 That is, upon condition—viz.
 That he, the lover, after tasting
 What one would wish were everlasting;
 Should, in return for such enjoyment,
 Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
 "That's all, quoth Pug; my poor request
 "Is, only, never to have rest;
 "You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
 "That I should have been serv'd, not you:
 "But what? upon my friend impose!
 "No—tho' a devil, none of those.
 "Your business then, pray understand me,
 "Is nothing more but to command me.
 "Of one thing only let me warn ye,
 "Which somewhat nearly may concern ye;
 "As soon as e'er one work is done,
 "Strait name a new one; and so on;
 "Let each to other quick succeed,
 "Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—
 "For if, thro' any hums or haws,
 "There haps an intervening pause,
 "In which, for want of fresh commands,
 "Your slave obsequious, idle stands,
 "Nor soul nor body ever more
 "Shall serve the nymph whom you adore;
 "But both be laid at Satan's feet,
 "To be dispos'd as he thinks meet."

At once the lover all approves;
 For who can hesitate that loves?
 And thus he argues in his thought:
 "Why, after all, I venture nought;
 "What mystery is in commanding?
 "Does that require much understanding?
 "Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
 "He'd go the better of the lay:

"But he must do what I think fit—
 "Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit."

Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
 Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair;
 The spell takes place, and all goes right,
 And happy he employs the night

In sweet embraces, balmy kisses,
 And riots in the bliss of blisses,

"O joy," cried he, "that hast no equal!"
 But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.

For now, when near the morning's dawn,
 The youth began as 'twere to yawn;

His eyes a filky slumber seiz'd,
 Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:

But that officious Daemon near,
 Now buzz'd for business in his ear;

In haste, he names a thousand things;
 The Goblin plies his wicker wings,

And in a trice returns to ask
 Another and another task.

Now palaces are built and tow'rs,
 The work of ages in few hours.

Then storms are in an instant rais'd,
 Which the next moment are appeas'd.

Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,
 As if each India had been drain'd:

And he, in one astonish'd view,
 Sees both Golconda and Peru.

These things, and stranger things than these,
 Were done with equal speed and ease.

And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send;
 And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,

And soon return'd with such a pack
 Of bulls and pardons at his back,

That now, the 'squire (who had some hope
 In holy water and the pope)

Was out of heart, and at a stand
 What next to wish, and what command;

Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
 And black despair succeeds brown study.

In this distress the woful youth
 Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
 Begging her counsel, for whose sake
 Both soul and body were at stake.

"And is this all?" replies the fair:

"Let me alone to cure this care.

"When next your Demon shall appear,

"Pray give him—look, what I hold here,

"And bid him labour, soon or late,

"To lay these ringlets lank and strait."

Then, something scarcely to be seen,

Her finger and her thumb between

She held, and sweetly smiling, cried,

"Your Goblin's skill shall now be tried."

She said; and gave—what shall I call

That thing so shining, crisp, and small,

Which round his finger strove to twine?

A tendril of the Cyprian vine?

Or sprig from Cytherea's grove;

Shade of the labyrinth of love?

With awe he now takes from her hand

That fleece-like flow'r of fairy land:

Less precious, whilom, was the fleece

Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;

Or that, which modern ages see

The spur and prize of chivalry,

Whose curls of kindred texture grace

Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pag at hand,

He issues thus his strict command.

"This line, thus curve, and thus orbicular,

"Render direct, and perpendicular;

"But so direct, that in no sort

It ever may intrins retort.

"Be me no more till this be done:

"Hence, to thy task—avaunt, be gone."

As the fiend like lightning flies,

And all his wit to work applies:

Anvils and presses he employs,

And duns whole hell with hammering noise.

In vain: he to no terms can bring
 One twirl of that reluctant thing;
 Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
 And its first spiral form retains.
 New stratagems the sprite contrives,
 And down the depths of sea he dives:
 "This sprunt its pertness sure will lose
 "When laid (said he) to soak in ooze."
 Poor foolish fiend! he little knew
 Whence Venus and her garden grew.
 Old Ocean, with paternal waves,
 The child of his own bed receives;
 Which, oft as dipt, new force exerts,
 And in more vigorous curls reverts.
 So when to earth Alcides flung
 The huge Anteus, whence he sprung,
 From ev'ry fall fresh strength he gain'd,
 And with new life the fight maintain'd.
 The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
 Nor knows what sleight to practise next:
 The more he tries, the more he fails;
 Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
 But all concur his shame to show,
 And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns, and sad,
 And looks like melancholic mad.
 He rolls his eyes now off, now on
 That wonderful Phenomenon.
 Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
 Then, pausing, meditates profound:
 No end he sees of his surprise,
 Nor what it should be can devise:
 For never yet was wool or feather,
 That could stand buff against all weather;
 And unrelax'd like this, resist
 Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
 What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What spinster witch could spin such thread,
 He nothing knew; but to his cost
 Knew all his fame and labour lost.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 1277

Subdu'd; abash'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure, he swore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.

Defeated thus, thus discontent,
Back to the man the Dæmon went:

"I grant," quoth he, "our contract null,

"And give you a discharge in full.

"But tell me now, in name of wonder,

"(Since I so candidly knock under)

"What is this thing? Where could it grow?

"Pray take it—'tis in statu quo.

"Much good may't do you; for my part,

"I wash my hands of't from my heart."

"In truth, Sir Goblin, or Sir Fairy."

Replies the lad, "you're too soon weary.

"What, leave this trifling task undone!

"And think'st thou this the only one?

"Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'd'st find

"Millions of more such still behind,

"Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,

"Both you and all your whole fraternity."

The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befell : a silly swain
 Had sought his heifer long in vain ;
 For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
 And left the lawn, to seek the shade :
 Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
 Then to the wood in haste he hies ;
 Where, singling out the fairest tree,
 He climbs, in hopes to hear or see,

Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
 A jolly lad and buxom lass :
 The place was apt, the pastime pleasant ;
 Occasion with her forelock present :
 The girl agog, the gallant ready ;
 So lightly down he lays my lady.
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
 That she some certain charms display'd,
 Which with such wonder struck his sight,
 (With wonder much ; more with delight)
 That loud he cried in rapture, " What !
 " What see I, gods ! what see I not !"
 But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,
 'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
 Strait stopt him short in mid career :
 And louder cried, " Ho ! honest friend,
 " That of thy seeing seest no end ;
 " Dost see the heifer that I seek ?
 " If dost, pray be so kind to speak."

HOMER'S HYMN

TO

VENUS:

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

HOMER: H Y M N

TO

W E N U S

— ENGLISH VERSE

T O T H E
R E A D E R,
OF THE ENSUING
H Y M N.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus: this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which, without a commentary, could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to acquiesce in the translation of this Hymn, though I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into English verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some Grammarians, who have denied, or, at least, doubted them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itself, cannot really lose any thing of its value, though it should appear, upon a strict inquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Though the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand
in

282 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

in need of their reputation, yet, if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other, and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way through bad judgments purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the inquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the beginning of it, the beginning of his own admirable poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthos of Chios, who was a famous * repeater of Homer's verses. To obviate which supposition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third book of his history, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: Hence, it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather, was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within † four hundred years of Homer, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power, and wisdom, as our author. The

* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer in aftertimes were collected and put in order. These were called Homeristæ, or Homeridæ: of whom see Ælian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenæ, L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo, L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Cælius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.

† Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was cotemporary with Herodotus.

learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of * Strabo, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as authority against him, part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the afore-mentioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, "Homer has made no mention of what country he was: in one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the † blind man of rocky Chios." Casaubon's note is as follows: "In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus a' diti, contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c."

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the example of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate historian that ever wrote; or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and suggestions, of scholiasts and grammarians, I leave to the determination of each impartial Reader.

* Strab. L. i. p. 30.

† The original says—"The blind man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in the highest esteem to all posterity:" Which, indeed, only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

H O M E R ' s H Y M N

T O

V E N U S .

SING, muse, the force, and all-informing fire
 Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire :
 Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
 And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
 The wilder herds and ravenous beasts of prey
 Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
 Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
 She rules the feather'd kind and finny race ;
 Whole nature on her sole support depends,
 And far as life exists her care extends.

Of all the numerous host of gods above,
 But three are found inflexible to love.
 Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
 A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art ;
 In shining arms the martial maid delights,
 O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights ;
 With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
 And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd ;
 Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
 Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful shield ;
 She first taught modest maids in early bloom
 To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies :
 She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
 Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
 To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear,
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the wood-land
 deer :

Some-

Sometimes of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
 And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads;
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
 And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love,
 Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
 And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd;
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
 A virgin life inviolate to lead;
 She swore, and Jove, assenting, bow'd his head.
 But since her rigid choice the joys denied
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supplied.
 High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice:
 For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
 And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid;
 So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom love and Cytherea's art displease:
 Of other beings, none in earth or skies
 Her force resists, or influence denies.
 With ease her charms the thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
 Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
 He oft descends, his creatures to adore;
 While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
 Some well-dissembled shape the god belies.
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
 And beauty, first among th' æthereal race;
 Whom, all-transcending in superior worth,
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
 And Jove, by never-erring council sway'd,
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.

Swift

Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love;
 And not insultingly the gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
 Thus, Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed:
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen.
 To Cyprus strait the wounded goddess flies,
 Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
 Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
 Where ent'ring quick, the shining gates she barr'd.
 The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
 And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds.
 Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold.
 And thus attir'd, her chariot she ascends,
 And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat:
 And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
 Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.
 Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.
 For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire imparts,
 Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
 Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
 And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Mean time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;

With-

Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-swains,
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains:
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
 Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
 In form and dress, a huntress of the wood;
 For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
 To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd;
 Her hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast:
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' every vein
 A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain.
 At length he spake—"All hail, celestial fair!
 "Who humbly dost to visit earth repair.
 "Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
 "Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of love,
 "All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid;
 "Or art thou * Themis, or the † blue-ey'd maid?
 "Or art thou fairest of the graces three,
 "Who with the gods share immortality?
 "Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 "These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?
 "Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
 "I, to thy honour, will an altar build,
 "Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
 "O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
 "Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove
 "A patriot worthy of my country's love;

* Themis, the goddess of equity and right.

† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

" Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 " Bless'd in my children and posterity :
 " Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 " And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
 He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied,
 " Delight of human-kind, thy sex's pride !
 " Honour'd Anchises, you behold in me
 " No goddess bless'd with immortality ;
 " But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 " Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
 " Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 " And all her towns and fortresses commands.
 " When yet an infant, I to Trøy was brought,
 " There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught ;
 " Then wonder not, if thus instructed young,
 " I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
 " In me one of Diana's nymphs behold ;
 " Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
 " As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
 " I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train
 " Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
 " And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
 " Lo ! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the god
 " Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod :
 " Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
 " Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
 " O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
 " O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts waste ;
 " O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
 " And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
 " Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
 " We slept not once the face of earth to touch.
 " Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
 " That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
 " And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
 " This said, and pointing to me your abode,
 " To heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god.
 " Thus, of necessity, to you I come,
 " Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.

" But

" But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
 " By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
 " By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er
 " Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair)
 " That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
 " But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart ;
 " Inviolatè and guiltless of your bed,
 " Let me be to your house and mother led.
 " Me to your father and your brothers show,
 " And our alliance first let them allow :
 " Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 " And no unequal match I may be found.
 " Equality to them my birth may claim,
 " Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
 " Tho' for your wife of too inferior fame.
 " Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
 " To tell my father of my fortunes past,
 " And ease my mother in that anxious state
 " Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
 " They, in return, shall presents bring from thence
 " Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense :
 " You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 " In price and beauty far above the rest.
 " This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
 " Grateful to men below, and gods above."

She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
 Which to his heart insinuate desires.

Resistless love invading thus his breast,
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.

" Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
 " And Otreus you report your father's name ;
 " And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
 " To execute the dread commands of Jove,
 " Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
 " A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead :
 " Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
 " One minute to defer the happy hour ;
 " This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
 " Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :

VOL. II.

N

" Tho'

"Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
 "Stood ready to transfix my panting heart ;
 "Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence attend,
 "Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend."

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand ;
 The goddesses smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand :
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
 Where soft and filken coverlets were spread,
 And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
 Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil ;
 And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
 And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside ;
 Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied :
 And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant robe around her waist ;
 Her radiant robe, at last, aside was thrown,
 Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The queen of love the youth thus disarray'd,
 And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
 Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
 The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd ;
 And mortal he, was like th' immortals bless'd,
 Not conscious of the goddesses he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had fed, }
 And from the flow'ry field returning, led }
 Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed ;
 In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
 The wary goddesses her Anchises bound :
 Then gently rising from his side and bed,
 In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
 Nor more a mortal, but herself appears :
 Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
 Confess'd the goddesses, love's and beauty's queen.

Then thus aloud she calls. "Anchises, wake ;
 "Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake :

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 291

" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
" Behold me well—say, if I seem the same."

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed, Anchises woke:
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Awed and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the queen address'd.

" When first, O goddess, I thy form beheld,
" Whose charms so far humanity excell'd;
" To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
" And with humility implor'd thy aid:
" But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
" Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
" Compassion on my human state to show;
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
" Nor let me share of men the common fate:
" Since never man with length of days was blest,
" Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."

To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied;
" Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
" Nor me, nor other god, thou needst to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
" From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
" And whose posterity shall know no end.
" To him thou shalt the name * Æneas give,
" As one, for whose conception I must grieve,

* Æneas, signifying one who causeth grief. By this passage, it should seem as if the Etymologists had erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's epic poem, have derived his name from αἰνέω, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be derived from αἰνέω, grief, or αἰνέω, to affect with grief.

292 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

" Oft as I think he to exist began
 " From my conjunction with a mortal man."
 But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 To a superior race of men gives birth;
 Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
 And next resembling gods in form and mind.
 From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
 To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
 Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
 The youth enjoys a blest'd eternity.
 In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
 And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
 Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
 Doubtful by whom, or where the boy was borne:
 Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
 Dispatch'd Argicides * to his relief;
 And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
 He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
 Whose feet outstript, in speed, the rapid wind:
 Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
 The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state;
 Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
 Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.
 Now, when this embassy the king receives,
 No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
 The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
 And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

" But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
 " Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
 " (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
 " Resembling gods in face and form divine)
 " For him she strait the Thunderer address'd,
 " That with perpetual life he might be blest'd:
 " Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
 " But ah! how rash was she, how indiscreet!
 " The most material blessing to omit;

* The slayer of Argus. Mercury, so called, from having slain Argus.

" Neglect.

" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
 " That length of days might be with strength supplied ;
 " And to her lover's endless life, engage
 " An endless youth, incapable of age.
 " But hear what fate befell this heav'nly fair,
 " In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.
 " Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
 " Is by Aurora with delight caress'd ;
 " Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 " Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.
 " But when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,
 " Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 " The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 " His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew ;
 " Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 " And food ambrosial, and rich clothes bestow'd :
 " But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 " And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
 " Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
 " Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft*.
 " On terms like these, I never can desire
 " Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.
 " Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
 " Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
 " Couldst thou for ever *thus* my husband prove,
 " I might live happy in thy endless love ;
 " Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
 " When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
 " But thou, alas ! too soon and sure must bend
 " Beneath the woes which painful age attend ;
 " Inexorable age ! whose wretched state
 " All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
 " Now, know, I also must my portion share,
 " And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
 " For I, who heretofore in chains of love
 " Could captivate the minds of gods above,

N 3

" And

* Tithonus was feigned, at length, to have been turned into a Grasshopper.

- " And force 'em, by my all-subduing charms,
 " To sigh and languish in a woman's arms :
 " Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 " Nor tax with weakness the celestial host ;
 " Since I myself this dear amends have made,
 " And am at last by my own arts betray'd.
 " Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 " This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd ;
 " Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
 " Till time his being and my shame reveal.
 " Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn
 " In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born ;
 " They not of mortal nor immortal seed
 " Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed,
 " And* long they live, and oft in chorus join
 " With gods and goddesses in dance divine.

" These

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* presided over woods and groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. *Ausonius*, from *Hesiod*, computes the complete life of a man at 96 years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees. Therefore this from *Ausonius* seems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called *Dryades* and *Hamadryades* by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees. The Scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2.* relates the following story cited from *Charon Lampsacenus*. A young man called *Ræcus* observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleased. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promised; and according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy: But the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave

" These the* Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
 " And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
 " Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 " From common parent earth's prolific juice;
 " With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 " Or ample-spreading oaks at once they grow;
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease they share.
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 " And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
 " The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 " And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 " And live and die coæval with their trees.
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son;
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.
 " More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 " I will again to visit thee descend,
 " Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 " Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight;
 " Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 " And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
 " There, if inquiry shall be made, to know
 " To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe;
 " Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
 " But ready answer make as I direct.
 " Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 " And Calycopis call his mother's name.

gave it ill words, and chid it from him; this reception of her ambassador so enraged the Nymph, that in revenge she rendered him impotent. This story is also cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid Metam.* l. 8. of the fate of *Erifichthon*, for cutting down one of these animated trees.

* The *Satyrs* when they were in years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pausanias* reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

" For



296 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

" For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
 " That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,
 " Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 " And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 " Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
 " Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee first I praise,
 Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

A T A B L E



T A B L E

O F T H E

P O E M S.

<i>EPISTLE to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, &c.</i>	—	—	Page 127
<i>The Mourning Muse of Alexis. A Pastoral, lamenting the Death of Queen Mary</i>	—		129
<i>To the King on the taking of Namur</i>	—		135
<i>The Birth of the Muse. To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax</i>	—	—	140
<i>On Mrs. Arabella Hunt singing</i>	—		147
<i>Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector</i>	—		150
<i>The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the dead Body of Hector</i>	—		154
<i>Paraphrase upon Horace, Ode 19. Lib. 1.</i>			159
<i>Stanzas in Imitation of Horace, Lib. 2. Ode 14.</i>			160
<i>In Imitation of Horace, Ode 9. Lib. 1.</i>			162
<i>Song</i>	—	—	164
<i>The Reconciliation</i>	—	—	165
<i>Absence</i>	—	—	166
<i>Song</i>	—	—	ibid.
<i>Song in Dialogue, for two Women</i>	—		167
<i>Song</i>	—	—	ibid.
<i>The Petition</i>	—	—	168
<i>Song</i>	—	—	ibid.
<i>Song</i>	—	—	ibid.
			Occa-

<i>Occasioned by a Lady's having writ Verses in Commendation of a Poem which was written in Praise of another Lady</i>	—	—	169
<i>Epigram written after the Decease of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute</i>	—	—	169
<i>Song</i>	—	—	ibid.
<i>A Hymn to Harmony, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day,</i>	1701	—	170
<i>Verses to the Memory of Grace Lady Getbin, occasioned by reading her Book, intituled Reliquiæ Getbinianæ</i>	—	—	174
<i>Epitaph upon Robert Huntington, of Stanton Harcourt, Esq. and Robert his Son</i>	—	—	175
<i>To Mr. Dryden on his Translation of Persius</i>	—	—	176
<i>The eleventh Satire of Juvenal</i>	—	—	178
<i>Prologue to Queen Mary, upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Bachelor, after having seen the Double Dealer</i>	—	—	193
<i>Epilogue at the Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market, with an Italian Pastoral</i>	—	—	194
<i>Prologue to Pyrrhus King of Epirus</i>	—	—	195
<i>Epilogue to Oroonoko</i>	—	—	196
<i>Prologue to the Husband his own Cuckold</i>	—	—	197
<i>Prologue to the Court, on the Queen's Birth-day,</i>	1704,	—	199
<i>The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas. A Pastoral, lamenting the Death of the late Lord Marquis of Blandford</i>	—	—	201
<i>To Cynthia, weeping and not speaking. Elegy</i>	—	—	206
<i>Amoret</i>	—	—	208
<i>Lesbia</i>	—	—	209
<i>Doris</i>	—	—	ibid.
<i>To Sleep. Elegy</i>	—	—	211
<i>To Sir Godfrey Kneller, occasioned by L-y's Picture</i>	—	—	213
<i>To a Candle. Elegy</i>	—	—	214
<i>Ovid's Third Book of the Art of Love</i>	—	—	215
<i>Of Pleasing; an Epistle to Sir Richard Temple</i>	—	—	246
<i>A Pin-</i>	—	—	

A TABLE OF THE POEMS. 199

<i>A Pindaric Ode, humbly offered to the Queen, on the victorious Progress of her Majesty's Arms under the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough. To which is prefixed a Discourse on the Pindaric Ode</i>	251
<i>To the Right Honourable the Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. Pindaric Ode</i>	266
<i>An Impossible Thing. A Tale</i>	272
<i>The Peasant in Search of his Heifer. A Tale, after Mr. De la Fontaine</i>	278
<i>Homer's Hymn to Venus: Translated into English Verse</i>	284

FINIS.



Directions to the Binder.

Volume the Firſt.

Head of the Author	_____	to face the Title.
Old Bachelor	_____	to face the Title of the Play
Portrait of Mr. Foote	_____	Page 51
Double Dealer	_____	the Title of the Play
Portraits of Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Gardner	_____	to face 127
Love for Love	_____	the Title of the Play
Portraits of Mr. Wilſon and Mrs. Mattocks	_____	to face 214

Volume the Second.

Mourning Bride	_____	to face the Title of the Play
Portrait of Mr. Garriek	_____	Page 15
Portrait of Mrs. Siddons	_____	Page 56
Way of the World	_____	the Title of the Play
Portrait of Mrs. Pitt	_____	Page 42



